THE QUAKER SEEKERS OF WALES

ANNA LLOYD
BRAITHWAITE THOMAS

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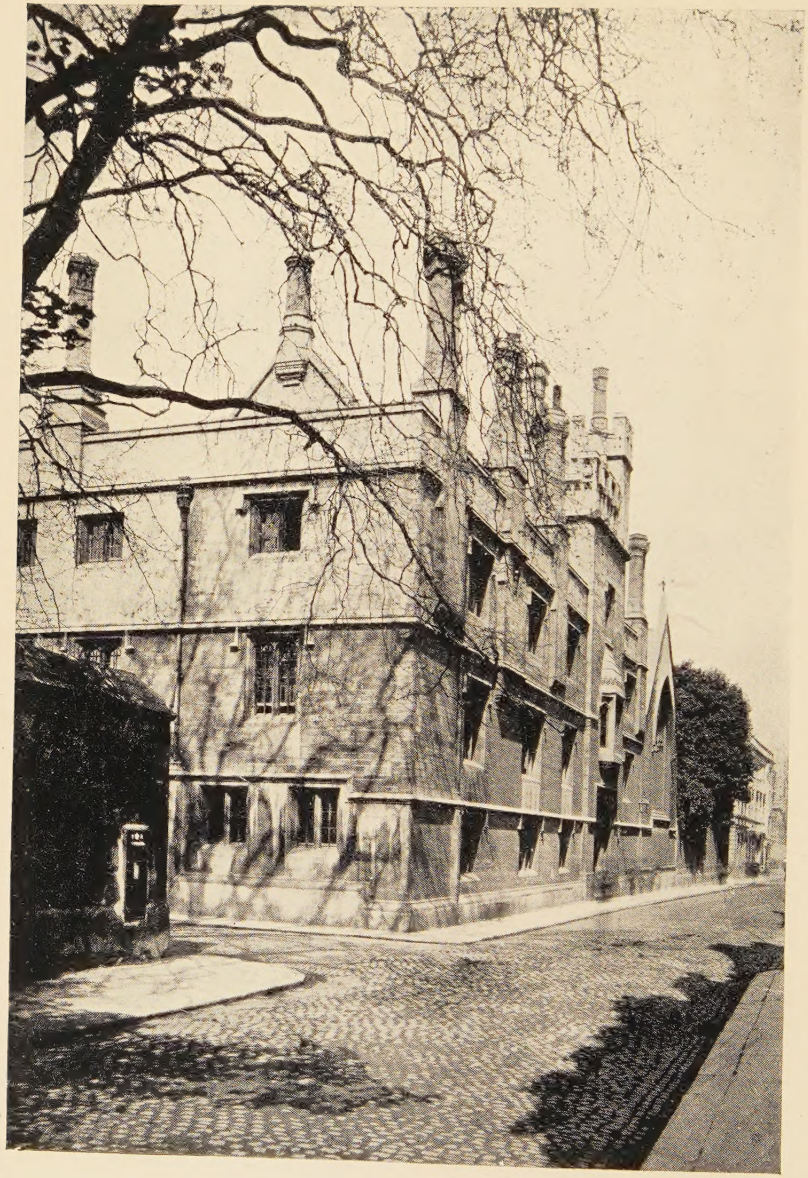

JESUS COLLEGE, OXFORD

THE QUAKER SEEKERS OF WALES

A STORY OF THE LLOYDS OF DOLOBRAN

BY

ANNA LLOYD BRAITHWAITE THOMAS

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* Blocks of these illustrations kindly lent by Miss Mary M. Lowe.

INTRODUCTION

WE were spending a summer holiday in Wales, with my father and sisters. My father, as his manner was, was seeking to open up friendly relations with our landlady, and was telling her that through his mother he considered himself a Welshman, as she had been a Lloyd of the Montgomeryshire family.

"I have a book about that family," said the landlady, and forthwith produced a copy of *Montgomeryshire Worthies*, a volume which proved a very mine of curious and interesting information. It contained, as the landlady had said, short biographies of many Lloyds, both ancient and modern, but its fascination consisted in the fact that should a contemporaneous name be mentioned in one of these biographies, you had only to turn a few pages to find particulars as to the life of the individual in question.

My interest was aroused by the story, told in quite non-Quakerly language, of the first "convincement and sufferings" of our Lloyd ancestors in the far away days of the Stuart kings, and I proceeded to study in this easy fashion the other actors in their history and to reconstruct in imagination a picture of how it must all have come about.

I had other helps in this, particularly the journal of Richard Davies, the Quaker preacher of Welshpool, through whose ministry Charles Lloyd was convinced, and some curious original letters and narratives unearthed from a cabinet of family archives.

The story of Thomas Lloyd, the younger brother of our own ancestor, took concrete shape ; soon I knew the very words that he said in some of the crises of his life, and knew too, or imagined that I knew, the thoughts that must have passed through his mind and the motives by which he was actuated. I was convinced that he was of the stuff of which heroes are made, a man of winning and attractive personality whose romantic story deserves to take its place beside those of the other founders of Quakerism.

A closer study of the contemporaneous history and a visit to Welshpool and Dolobran made things still more real, and a few years later I wrote down the story, which has ever since remained unfinished, waiting for completion in the shape of another volume in which the American sequel of the same veracious history should be enshrined. But this is still unwritten, and as my hero would in such a volume step out into the electric glow of actual history, as the first Deputy-Governor of Pennsylvania, I am not sure that the kind of treatment which answered well in the first part would be so suitable.

At any rate the task remains undone. Storms have swept through my own life ; the world war has convulsed Christendom, and my manuscript has lain unheeded on the shelf. But just now there is

a new interest in the simple tenets of Quakerism, and some of my friends who knew of the existence of this old story have urged me to allow it to be published. I gladly do so, believing that in this day of unrest and trouble the struggles of those earlier seekers may be helpful to some of their successors in the same search for truth.

Perhaps I ought to apologize to the many descendants of the two Lloyd brothers, both in England and America, for the freedom I have taken with the family history. I can only repeat that all the main facts and many of the details given are historically accurate, and for the rest I have striven to fill in the gaps in the story by imagining as nearly as might be the things that must actually have taken place.

A. B. THOMAS.

Baltimore, U.S.A.
1923.

The Quaker Seekers of Wales

CHAPTER I

AN OXFORD STUDENT

THE university of Oxford in the Michaelmas term of 1662 doubtless shared the troubled atmosphere of the times.

Amongst its older students were many who had held the ideals of the Puritans, for the university under Oliver had been a centre of religious thought ; but with the Restoration had come a reaction, and Oxford had shouted itself hoarse in welcomes to the returning king, whilst offices in Church and university changed hands again with lightning speed.

The Episcopalians had been in power for two full years ; years of heedless disregard for the bitter lessons of the past ; and the black St. Bartholomew Sunday that saw the eviction of two thousand non-conforming ministers from their pulpits had taken place six weeks before my story opens.

It was a beautiful October day, and groups of students dotted the High Street and awakened noisy echoes in the college quadrangles. The license of the time was seen in the unusual number of gay

and foolish ones among the younger students whilst the older men appeared serious and uneasy and uncertain how to act under the new conditions.

Amongst these older students was Thomas Lloyd, a tall young Welshman from Montgomeryshire, whose pleasant face and clear grey eye betokened good temper and intelligence. He was walking in the quadrangle of Jesus College with another Welshman, Morgan Jones by name, and talking eagerly of the visit to London from which he had just returned.

"I tell thee, Morgan," he was saying, "'twas grand, 'twas the chance of a lifetime. I had a letter from our Dr. Wilkins that opened the door for me to a meeting of the new Royal Society. Ha, that's what I love! I saw a microscope there that far excelleth any in Oxford, and a device which they called an air pump that shall solve many of the mysteries. . . ."

"But what of the king, Tom, and of the sights of London?" broke in Morgan Jones, the younger of the two, a jolly laughing boy of eighteen. "Didst spend thy whole time at the Royal Society?"

"No, indeed, not I—trust my brother Jack for that. John Lloyd, Esquire, he doth call himself now, for he is reading law in Gray's Inn, and is become a great man and a fine gentleman; Jack had ever a turn that way. No, indeed, Jack had invitations for me to visit his friend, Mr. Thomas Gresham, the merchant on Cornhill, and with his fair daughter we saw all the sights. Thou askest for the king; any man may see him, for he is most good-natured and easy. He is often walking in

the Park to feed his waterfowl or sporting with his spaniels. Or you may see him any day at bowls with Mr. Killigrew and the other gallants. On horseback he hath a noble mien, and he weareth most rich apparel, but I like not his loose sensuous mouth and careless eyes."

"Thou seemest indeed not overmuch smitten with him," said Morgan, for the enthusiasm had quite died out of his companion's voice. "Did'st see any plays?"

"Yes, we went once to the King's House, and saw the play of *The Wilde Gallant*, but indeed, Morgan, I cannot tell thee of it, and if those be the plays they brag of, I will see no more. But one pretty pageant I saw. 'Twas on the river, when the Lord Mayor and the City Companies went forth in boats and vessels, dressed with all imaginable pomp, to meet the King and the new Queen on her first coming to London. The King and Queen were in a vessel of Grecian shape, having a canopy of cloth of gold wreathed with flowers, festoons, and garlands, and supported on high Corinthian columns. 'Tis reason that amidst such weight of decoration we saw not much of the royal personages themselves, but mayhap the show was a more magnificent sight, for the new Queen, they say, is no beauty. But there was a mimic king and queen amongst the pageants, and I saw her sitting very prettily with her maids of honour at her feet. There were nigh a thousand boats and barges that day upon the river, so that we could see no water for them. When they were landed and welcomed by the Popish Queen-Mother, with all

her nobility, at Whitehall Stairs, then was there a great banquet held, and it was told me by one that was there that the gay Court gallants and many of the ladies also did drink and romp like yokels at a village alehouse. I do pity the poor young Portugal Queen, for they say she is discreet and pious, though not of our religion, but she loveth not these fine Court manners, and indeed, I tell thee, Morgan, that to me it seemeth that such a life that seeketh but its own pleasure is a disgrace in the King of England. I would we were back in Oliver's days," he added musingly.

"Nay, Tom," cried the other, as he stopped speaking. "I would I had had thy chance. Trust me, I would not have grown weary of the splendours. Think of it, man, all our lives, thine and mine, there hath been nought in England save fighting and preaching, and for the preaching, every preacher preacheth a different doctrine, and each is sure that himself is right and all others are damned. Let them settle it as they list; I, for one, would fain forget their wearisome dogmas and take my pleasure a little. Our new King loves sport, and by all I hear there is plenty to see in London town for him that it not over squeamish."

As they talked the two young men had come out into the High Street, and were now walking up it towards the Castle and the old West Gate, but now a summary end was put to their conversation by the appearance of a serving man on horseback, who had just passed through the gate and was ambling towards them, looking to right and left as a man uncertain of his surroundings.

"There's Owen Jenkins! Owen! Hey, Owen!" called the older student, and at his voice the man's face brightened, and springing from his tired horse he came forward, hat in hand and bowing low. "Nothing wrong with thy mistress, I hope," went on the young man, and the servant answered:

"No, Master Thomas. No, Mistress Lloyd is well, and your nephew is a fine hearty babe; a month old he was last Saturday; but I have mails for you, Master Thomas, from my master that will explain all." And Owen drew out a somewhat soiled packet from the inner pocket of his riding coat. Evidently he did not wish to discuss the matter further in public, and Thomas Lloyd, as he took the letter and noted the absence of the familiar seal and its soiled and tumbled appearance, certain now that something was indeed amiss, took the hint, and asked no further questions, but showed the way to the college stables, and leaving the old man to refresh himself after his journey went in to his own room to read his letter.

CHAPTER II

THE LETTER

Written from Poole Gaol.[1]

DEAR TOM,

Be not troubled for the heading of this letter. I am in gaol, yet peace and gladness are in my heart and I can praise Him that hath counted me worthy to suffer for His name, albeit this is a nasty place and the gaoler but a cruel man in his usage of us. But now for the cause: Richard Davies, the Quaker of Poole, with Richard Moor, another of their preachers, did hold a meeting in the house of my tenant, Cadwallader Edwardes three weeks agone. To this meeting I must needs go with others of my neighbours, Hugh David, Richard David and the rest; thou knowest Tom, who they be that have joined with me in seeking the truth under Vavasor Powell and other separatist ministers. The Lord was not wanting in our meeting, but afforded unto us His good presence, and the Word was with power so that it reached unto our hearts and understanding. Next day cometh Richard Davies to visit me at Dolobran, and some of the rest coming in also, we had a profitable refreshing time together in the presence of the Lord, and I did settle it in my mind to cast in my lot with those that in derision are called Quakers. But the report went much abroad upon this, as that most of that side of the country should be turned Quakers, so that the Lord Herbert sent for six of us that were at the meeting to go to him at his house at Llyssin. Then he did put to us the oaths of supremacy and allegiance to the King, which was but an ill turne of him to do it, seeing he knoweth well that I am loyall. This I could not take, for how can we swear when Christ sayeth, "Swear not at all," but did

[1] The wording of this letter is taken almost verbatim from the family records, and from Richard Davies' Journal.

make known unto him the reason and ground of the refusal, but it would not do, so we six were sent away together to Poole, viz. Hugh David, Richard David, Cadwallader Edwardes, Anne Lawrence, Sarah Wilson and myself. Since have been added unto us William and Margaret Lewis, of Cloddie Cocchian, and Edward Evans, an honest and substantial man of this town.

Thy sister-in-law is well, and little Charles who is a lovely and sturdy babe. I pray God bless them both. Come to me if thou canst for there be many things that will suffer for lack of a man to look to them, and Elizabeth needs a brother.

Thy true loving brother,

CHARLES LLOYD.

Prepared as he had been for bad news by the downcast looks of his old servant, still the reading of this letter came like a thunder clap upon our hero. His brother Charles, four years his senior, was the head of the family, an Oxford Scholar and a handsome, polished gentleman, a commissioner of the peace, and only lately in nomination for High Sheriff of the County. That he should have turned Quaker ! This time a year ago Tom had journeyed into Pembrokeshire to be present at his brother's marriage with the stately Elizabeth Lort, daughter of Sampson Lort, a great landowner and Parliamentarian in those parts. Now there was an heir at Dolobran, scarcely a month old yet, and Charles was in prison !

If it had been for sympathizing with Vavasor Powell, the fiery Welsh Apostle of the Independents, Tom would not have marvelled, for Powell had been his father's friend ; and his brother, as Tom very well knew, had for years consorted with him and with other prominent nonconformists. Vavasor Powell was, under the severe displeasure of the new Government, imprisoned at this time in Southsea

Castle. Some complication of that sort would have been at least comprehensible, but this new departure was a very different thing. He remembered that Charles had seen something of the strange sect at Oxford ; Tom himself had been once or twice to listen to Thomas Loe, their famous preacher ; he had pitied the unfortunates imprisoned in the Castle, too, but to actually throw in one's lot with these poor, despised people, many of them according to common report, dangerous fanatics !

" Surely it cannot be true," he thought ; " 'tis some passing madness. Charles would never so dishonour our name, nor so grieve my grandfather Stanley." The remark in his brother's letter about Lord Herbert was another mortification, for Tom was on terms of intimacy with the Herberts, and there had been more than one intermarriage between the families. That reminded him of London and his brother Jack. What would Jack and his fine friends the Greshams say to a Quaker in the family ? He had not told Morgan Jones of the engagement that was talked of between Jack and young Mistress Jane Gresham, but he himself knew that a marriage with her was the dearest wish of his brother's heart. Then there was the new sister-in-law at Dolobran, the stately, delicately nurtured Elizabeth Lort. Tom felt sure that she would have no sympathy with the Quakers. Altogether, look at it how he would, the news seemed impossible of belief, and loyal as he was to his brother, he determined to say nothing of it to Morgan Jones at present. " He would but spread the report that Charles is become a Quaker," thought Tom, " and it may be

that he will not continue with them when he hath seen more of their strange manners."

But now for his brother's letter. What should he do about that? Must he leave Oxford and his studies and the medical degree which he was hoping soon to obtain? But he saw how much his presence was needed at Dolobran, and did not hesitate. "I must go at once," he thought, "even if I return later. By starting to-morrow I can lie over the Sabbath at my grandfather's and be at Poole on Monday."

The morrow's dawn saw Thomas Lloyd mounting his favourite Merlin for the homeward ride. In the dark riding dress and short cloak of the period and sitting his black horse with the easy grace of one to the manner born, he was a fine looking fellow, but his heart was heavy as he turned his back on the towers and spires of Oxford. At noon of the second day he reached Worcester, and as it was market day went in to dine at the ordinary where the long tables were rapidly filling with the farmers and small country squires.

Amongst them were two strangers whose faces and manners distinguished them from the rest, and with a thrill Thomas Lloyd recognized them as Quakers. "Yes, sir," whispered the obsequious landlord, "that man," pointing to the taller traveller, "be the great Quaker of England, George Fox. I do reckon us shall have a preaching when dinner is over."

What Thomas Lloyd saw was a tall, stout man, approaching forty, whose face seemed to radiate purity and goodness. The eyes were dark and

piercing, and the chin and sensitive mouth were moulded in such lines of strength that one felt instinctively that here was a man who could be trusted. He was talking with his companion during dinner, apparently about the events of the moment, and Thomas Lloyd noticed that several times his eyes twinkled and a smile lighted up the otherwise serious countenance. At the close of the meal he leaned over and spoke to Thomas. "We purpose to hold a meeting ere the people scatter. Do thy occasions permit thee to remain?"

"It will give me pleasure to hear you preach, sir," replied the student, removing his hat and bowing low. "I know somewhat of your people, having met with Mr. Thomas Loe at Oxford and listened once or twice to his preaching."

"Thou knowest doubtless, then," said the other with his grave smile, "that we receive not the honour of men in this hat worship, but let that pass, I understand it," he added, as Thomas would have apologized. And so they went out together to the court below.

The word had spread that George Fox was come and would speak to the people, and already the inn yard was crowded with upturned faces, while in the street outside other passers-by were gathering.

Three circular stone steps led down from the door of the dining-room, and George Fox took his stand on the topmost, whilst Thomas Lloyd placed himself a little farther back from the street at a point from which he could take in the whole scene, the crowd of eager faces in the yard and the blaze of sunlight beyond.

As the preacher took his place and bowed his head a hush fell upon the people, and some of them followed his example, removing their hats and bowing their heads in worship.

Some rude fellows, however, on the edge of the crowd began to make a disturbance, but without giving it time to spread George Fox, in a clear ringing voice, began :

This is the great day of the Lord, and His love is to be proclaimed to every soul. He calls out of all the world's religions, which are vain, that He may show you that inward light, spirit and grace, whereby ye may know salvation and the way to God. Now tell me (he went on) you that are called by the name of Christ, What have you known of the power of Christ? Doth your religion that ye profess bring you out of condemnation? Doth it keep you from the spots that are in the world? There is a dullness and a drowsy heaviness upon many of you, yea, upon you that profess the name of Christ, that betokens plainly that you have not known His true power and life, for had you known it, you would not so harden your hearts to the poor around you and to the widows and fatherless; you would not so run after Jewish ceremonies and heathenish fables; you would not sin against God in your deceitful merchandise and cheating and cozening: but the Lord hath sent me to call you out from all these, for the true light now shineth, and I am to tell you of it, and to call you to it, that you may give heed to that in your hearts that condemns you for sin and brings you to Christ. But be not in despair for your sins, for Christ was tempted by the same Devil that doth tempt you, and He hath overcome him, and bruised his head, that through Christ and His power, light, grace and Spirit, you may overcome also, if you believe in Him. Therefore all wait patiently upon the Lord, whatsoever condition you may be in: wait in the grace and truth that comes by Jesus: for if ye so do, there is a promise to you, and the Lord God will fulfill it in you; blessed are all they indeed that do indeed hunger and thirst after righteousness, they shall be satisfied with it.

CHAPTER III

THOMAS STANLEY OF KNOCKYN

CAN a written summary, read in cold blood two hundred and fifty years later, convey any true impression of the electric force of a great personality? I doubt whether we to-day can fully estimate its effect upon the ardent spirit of the young Welshman at this critical moment of his life. Thomas Lloyd's mother had died in his infancy, but he had been carefully brought up by a pious father in all the outward observances of religion. His temper was pleasant and affectionate, and his tastes were those of a scholar, so that he had passed through school and college, absorbed in his studies, and consorting chiefly with the more sober of his fellow students, without feeling much the force of the temptations which appeal to many young men. His recent visit to London, however, had been an epoch in his spiritual history, for there he had been thrown into contact with open sin. It is true that he had turned away in disgust, but the sense of pollution had clung to him.

Puritan London, the London of Milton and Hampden, where Oliver ruled and Eliot preached, was gone; the stern bonds that restrained the younger generation, growing up without the per-

sonal religious experience which its parents had won in many a hard fought fight, had suddenly been swept away. King Charles the Second, a heartless profligate, was on the throne, and the youthful nobles who had grown up in idleness and vice in his foreign Court thronged from their exile and set themselves in the gilded galleries of Whitehall to be the glass of fashion for the nation. Sin stalked abroad open and shameless. The pure spirit of George Fox grew sick in the tainted atmosphere. He tells us in his journal that for almost a whole winter the sense of the profaneness and licentiousness which prevailed in the nation produced in him a long and heavy indisposition of body, so that for a time his sight and hearing in a great measure failed him. Can we wonder that Thomas Lloyd's earnest soul shuddered at its first contact with that glittering but polluted world ?

To this newly awakened sense of sin and danger in himself and in the world around, the words of George Fox were as a trumpet call to truth and righteousness. His heart responded to it ; but all the questionings of the previous morning sprang up also. Could these Quakers be right ? Most of them were but poor unlearned men. Was it not largely wild fanaticism and ranterism ? Could he not be virtuous and upright, observe the outward forms of religion, and do his duty in the world, without sacrificing everything as his brother Charles had done ?

It took hard riding to cover the fifty odd miles that stretched between Worcester and Knockyn by the next evening. Indeed, the October daylight

had long since faded when the weary rider clattered at last into his grandfather's courtyard.

"Here, Leonard! Jervas! Be ye all a-bed? Come, wake up and take my horse!"

A barking of dogs was the answer, and then the bolts rattled and a man, holding aloft a lantern, peered out into the darkness.

"Eh! It be Master Tummas sure. Come in, sir. The Squoire will be main glad to see un."

As the servant spoke an inner door opened, and a flood of firelight streamed out, and Tom, stepping into the wide flagged hall, bowed low to kiss the hand of his grandfather Stanley. Soon he was seated in the big dining room, doing ample justice to the chine of beef and rabbit pasty, while his maiden aunt waited on him, and his grandfather took up his pipe again and resumed his seat in the carved oak chair by the fireplace.

"Well, Tom, thou art a great stranger; hast not been here for nigh a twelvemonth."

"No, sir, I have not been home since Charles his marriage. You know that I have been all the summer in London with Jack?"

"Ay, we heard of that. 'Tis well for you young ones to go to London. My day for that is over, and by all I hear, the king cares not over much for his old faithful servants."

Tom knew that this theme, once fairly started, would last all supper time, for his grandfather was a cavalier of the old school who had fought and suffered for Charles the First,[1] but the ill news he

[1] See *Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography* for record of head of this family.

had come to tell weighed on him, so he answered :

" Verily the king cares not much for his faithful subjects, young or old. You ask not what brings me out of Oxford now ; 'tis Charles has sent for me about this unlucky business."

" Eh ! What ? Unlucky business ! Charles ! He hath not joined with that rogue, Powell, hath he ? I ever warned him to be ware of him for a canting Anabaptist."

" No, sir, 'tis worse than that. He is become a Quaker, and they have clapped him into Poole Gaol."

Tom gave the astounding information quietly, for he had thought of it so much in the last three days that a kind of weary despair had settled on him. But the effect on his grandfather was electric.

" Now there thou liest like a trooper ! " he shouted. " 'Tis not to be credited ! These Quakers are a set of base-born, blaspheming scoundrels. Didst never hear of James Naylor ? I was in Bristol myself when he rode through the streets with mad women casting their garments before him, and bowing the knee to ask his blessing, and others that did proclaim ' Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord ! ' Even Oliver knew better than to permit such doings. And why won't they swear to the king ? And take off their hats to their betters ? 'Tis cursed foolishness to think that our family should meddle with such a rabble."

" But, grandfather," said Tom, nettled at the aspersion on his truthfulness. " I have Charles's own hand for it ; here is his letter, writ by himself

from the prison, and brought me by our own Owen Jenkins."

Thomas Stanley took the offered paper. Like most country gentlemen of that day he was no great scholar, so he would not then attempt to puzzle out its contents. But he recognized Charles's hand, and when he next spoke it was in a milder tone.

"Truly, 'tis his hand, as thou sayest; but there is some error. He cannot be such a fool! 'Tis scarce a month since he wrote to us of the birth of his son, and therein he said naught of any Quakers."

"Nay, but he saith it here, grandfather, and seemeth to be mighty determined in it. In sooth, I know not how it will end, for when Charles makes up his mind he is not easily moved. Yet, by your leave, sir, I think you are too hard on the Quakers. I do know one in Oxford that is a man of breeding, and that preacheth well and weightily."

"Stay, sir," cried the old gentleman, his passion flaming up again. "Do you contradict me? I tell you the Quakers are a pestilent race. And how know you that they preach well? You were not sent to Oxford to go sneaking to their Conventicles. I tell you, sirrah, if you are to turn Quaker too, you need come no more to Knockyn. I'll have no Quaker heretics here."

Tom's face flushed, and he opened his mouth to make a bitter reply, but the lifelong habit of reverence to his grandfather prevailed, and he only said:

"I am no Quaker, sir, but if I were your words would go far to settle me in it, for the cause of the

Church can be but weak if it must be maintained with threats and violence."

"'Tis not threats or violence that make truth," assented the old man, "but you boys do so pride yourselves on your own wisdom, and scorn the teachings of your elders, that a man's patience is sorely tried with your folly."

CHAPTER IV

A SERMON

A NIGHT'S rest had somewhat cooled the anger of the old man and had restored the buoyant spirit of the young one, so that the family at Knockyn Hall met on Sunday morning in pleasanter mood than might have been looked for. But as fate would have it the vexed question cropped up again at church, whither they presently went, and heard Mr. Stanley's private chaplain read the service and preach. Had some bird of the air made known the reason of Tom's journey to the chaplain? Or was it merely pride in the great discourse that he had composed six weeks before, when the Act of Uniformity was put into force? Perhaps he hoped to dazzle the Oxford student with this masterpiece; at any rate, he repeated it now *in toto* for Tom's benefit. His text was: "A man that is an heretic reject after the first and second admonition," and in the sermon he loudly extolled the prayer book and the wisdom of the king in enforcing its use, and plentifully besprinkled the nonconformists with such epithets as heretics, rogues, canting rebels and the like. Mr. Johns knew that this discourse had been very acceptable to his patron the first time he had preached it, but now there was too much

in it that recalled the unpleasant news that Tom had brought, and the old gentleman sat through the service scowling ominously. As for Tom, he had been brought up in a home where Puritan and Independent sympathies were strong, and until his last two years at Oxford he had never come much under Church influences. In his present frame of mind it may easily be understood that Mr. Johns' oratory was extremely distasteful to him. He remembered the Independent minister who had served his own Parish Church of Meifod through all the years of his boyhood and youth. Was he a heretic, a canting rebel, a rogue? Bigoted he might be, long-winded and dull he certainly was, but Tom's conscience told him that he was also a man of God, and the truth came home to him once more that calling a man a heretic does not make him one.

At dinner Mr. Johns was of course present, and asked many questions about London and Oxford, but Tom answered briefly, trying for his grandfather's sake to avoid dangerous topics. Under these circumstances conversation was necessarily stiff, but later on Thomas Stanley sent for his grandson to talk with him in his own private room. He made him sit down beside him, and taking his hand with all his old affection, said :

" I'm getting old, Tom, and I'm weary of these differences. Belike I was too hasty last night in blaming Charles. I am glad thou art going to him. Thou canst set things properly before Lord Herbert. Tell him from me that there is some mistake. He knoweth me for a loyal gentleman, and my word

should go for something. He knoweth, too, that Charles is a man of sense, far different from these low-born tailors and mercers. Take care of thyself, boy, and let them not get hold of thee. The ranting doctrines of the Quakers are not for such as thee. When these matters are arranged and Charles is set at liberty, thou wilt go back to Oxford. Be sure to stop here on thy way and tell us how all was ordered. And tell Charles from me that he shall mind the motto of the Lloyds : *Semper Vigilans*, denoteth prudence and caution. To me it seemeth that in this matter he hath been over hasty. Let him consider it well and be willing to own his fault. 'Tis more for his honour to own a fault than obstinately to persist in an error."

THE OAK, WILLINGCOT

CHAPTER V

THE GAOL

ON Monday morning, bright and early, our traveller started on the last stage of his journey. He had parted with friendly words from his aunt and grandfather. Merlin was fresh and lively after his day's rest, the road was good and the morning fine, and at twenty-two even a heavy burden is easily thrown off. He was nearing his native mountains now, and for a moment he forgot the unpleasant cause of his journey. The air was fresh and pure ; he drew in long draughts of it, thinking to himself, " There is nothing like it."

At Poole Quay the Severn was reached and soon he was riding along the familiar streets of Welshpool. At the corner of High Street and Park Lane stood the Gaol, a two-storey building, rudely but strongly built of unhewn stone and timber. Bolts and bars were much in evidence, both on the massive oaken doors and on the small uneven windows. The building was perhaps thirty-five feet by fourteen ; it was divided into two rooms, and there was a rough garret above that was reached by means of a ladder. It was by no means large enough for the exigencies of

the times, but there were two or three strong cells or dungeons in the adjoining houses which formed part of the prison, and could be used in an emergency.

With a sinking heart, Thomas Lloyd rode up to the door and knocked upon it. It was opened by the gaoler, a man with an evil, cruel face, who knew him by sight and at once addressed him by name.

"It's no good for you to come here, Mr. Lloyd," he called through the half-shut door. "What do you want?"

"I would fain speak with my brother," said Thomas, trying to slip a coin into the fellow's hand. He took it readily, but kept the door still half closed, and asked:

"Have you an order?"

"No, not I; do I need one?"

"Yes, sir; no one comes to the Quakers without an order from the Lord Herbert; not gentlefolks nor no one," he added with a malicious grin.

"Surely," said Tom, "this is some new regulation; you did not use to be so particular."

"Nor we ain't now with our regular customers, like they fellows upstairs," said the gaoler, as the sound of clinking mugs, intermingled with roars of laughter from the upper room reached his ears; "nor with Mr. Powell and his friends, that have been here often; but these Quaker rogues that we have now are to be kept close, and my orders is to let none in to them save with Lord Herbert his writing. I do take it they be an evil crew," he added with an insolent sneer.

"Will you take in a note then to Mr. Lloyd?"

said Tom, and he hastily wrote a few lines and handed them with another coin to the gaoler.

"'Tis against the rules, but this once I will do it. You be new to this business, young sir; you'll need to learn that when a man's in prison he's not to be spoke with just anyhow."

He went in with the paper and Tom waited long for an answer. Fresh bursts of drunken revelry came from the felons imprisoned in the upper room; other sounds too of oaths and quarrelling. Once the casement opened and, if Tom had not drawn back quickly, the contents of a vessel, flung out between the bars, would have fallen on him.

Whilst he waited more than one of his acquaintances passed up the street, but generally they turned their heads the other way, as though they did not see him, and Tom began to realize that the business was even worse than he had imagined. At last a man from a neighbouring cook shop, carrying a tray of meat and other food, came up to the prison door. He took off his hat to the young gentleman and passed the time of day. The gaoler, in answer to his knocking, came out again, and Tom asked if there was any reply to his note.

"No, there's no answer. Mr. Lloyd's not writing letters to-day." Then turning to the baker's man with an oath, he bade him begone. "The prisoners are allowed no meat save what I say," he roared. "You can give me the bread, but no meat. Trust me, I'll bring down their proud stomachs."

CHAPTER VI

DOLOBRAN HALL

FINDING that he could prevail nothing with the gaoler, Thomas Lloyd decided to go at once to Dolobran to consult with his sister-in-law before seeking Lord Herbert farther off at Llyssin. He was riding out of Welshpool weary and depressed and not much heeding aught around him when he heard himself hailed by a cheery voice, and looking up saw Gilbert Jones, a Welshpool gentleman, the father of his college friend. He was on horseback, and by his side, on a shaggy Welsh pony, rode a bright-haired girl of sixteen, his daughter Mary.

"Good-day, Mr. Lloyd, are you from Oxford? What is the news of Morgan? The rogue is not good at writing. I trust he maketh better showing with his studies." The greeting was a pleasant one, and in the brief talk that followed Thomas Lloyd felt grateful for the tact that avoided all reference to his brother's imprisonment.

"So that is Morgan's friend," said the girl as Tom left them. "He hath so grave a countenance I marvel that Morgan should love him."

"He may well look grave," replied her father.

"'Tis this folly of his brother that hath brought him from Oxford."

"What folly, Father?" asked Mistress Molly.

"Why, 'tis these pestilent Quakers, child. They be a sort of Ranters, I reckon. 'Tis marvel that Mr. Charles Lloyd should join himself with them, but they tell me that he is as stubborn as any, and did refuse the oath of allegiance that was tendered to him by the justices, so now he lieth in the gaol."

"Why, Father? Mr. Charles Lloyd of Dolobran in Welshpool Gaol?"

"Ay, Mary, 'tis a strange world; but these be matters too grave for thee, and the horses are wearying for a gallop."

The meeting had given a pleasanter turn to Tom's thoughts, and he rode on, musing on the brown eyes that had looked up at him sparkling with interest in her brother's friend. "I knew not that Morgan had so fair a sister," he thought, "and she doth mightily resemble him. I'll warrant she hath the same innocent, merry nature."

But it is a melancholy thing to come back to one's home and find life going on there in its ordinary ruts whilst those who made it home to us are gone. The dear, familiar places look forsaken, and we realize that after all it was the people and not the things that made them dear. So Tom came back to the home of his childhood where a new mistress now reigned, the sister-in-law whom he had only met once before, on the occasion of her marriage to his brother. The servants ushered him into the spacious hall with its wide, open hearth and timbered ceiling. It had been newly

furnished since Tom was there, with carved oaken benches, but the coat of arms with its fifteen quarterings, that had been the wonder of his childhood, still kept its place above the chimney. Handsome brass fire irons held up the blazing logs, and altogether it was a cheery place, and Tom sat down by the fire, well content to wait there for Mistress Lloyd's leisure.

Through the open door in the gallery above, he could hear her voice hushing the babe to sleep, and presently she came to him, a stately figure stepping down the staircase of polished black oak. He rose to meet her with a low bow and the polite compliments of the day, and she curtseyed graciously in return.

Tom's coming was especially welcome at this time of trouble, and she was soon telling him all the story of Charles's meeting with the Quakers and of his subsequent arrest and imprisonment. He found that Elizabeth Lloyd had no sympathy with her husband's new views. She had been trained in strict Calvinistic doctrines, at the very opposite pole in fact, from the broad spiritual teachings of Quakerism, and though she loved her husband, yet it was plain that her love only made it the harder for her to think with patience of the influences under which he had fallen. She was very anxious about him, having heard nothing for several days.

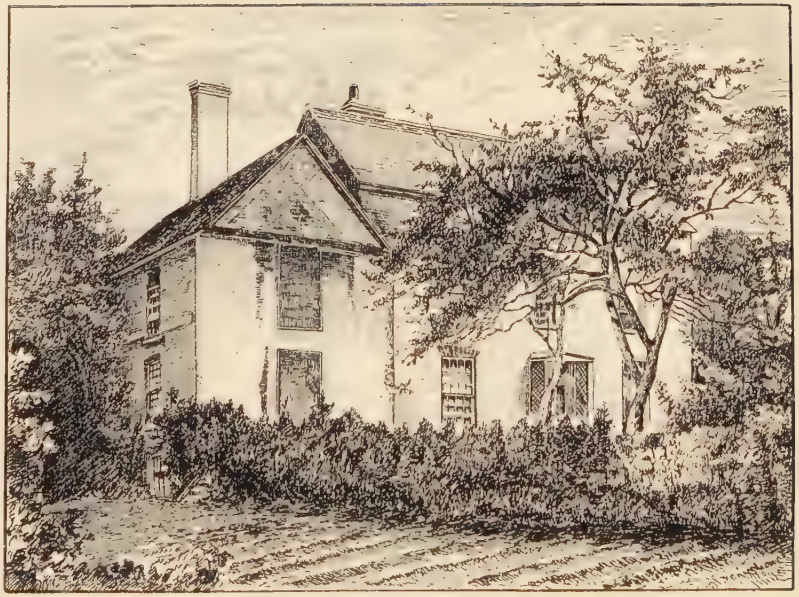
"Welshpool Gaol is a nasty place, and Owen Jenkins saith they lie in a vile stinking room; I am certain Charles will catch the sickness," she went on, "and though I sent abundance of linen and necessities I do hear that the gaoler keeps

them from him. 'Tis hard indeed that this trouble should fall on us now. Charles knoweth that I did beg of him not to go to that meeting in the house of his tenant. Richard Davies is but a haberdasher of hats, and I cannot learn that he hath ever studied theology. How can such as he be qualified to preach to one like Charles, that hath been at Oxford and knoweth many tongues and all polite learning? Here is the babe, too, that should be christened presently, and yesterday cometh Parson Davies to speak with me anent it. I am sure I am earnest enough to have it done and all ordered as it should be, but Charles did tell me that the Quakers will use no baptizing, and he will not have it. Even with his consent there could be no fitting feasting with Charles in prison, and 'tis not to be endured that the heir of Dolobran should be christened in a private, mean manner. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd, I little looked for such troubles when I married your brother. 'Twill be a year come Monday since our wedding morn, and here I sit a lonely widow, left by his perverseness to fight the world as best I may."

It was no wonder that the poor thing broke down and sobbed bitterly, whilst Tom sought to console her, but could think of little that was comforting to say, for truly he felt that the outlook was dark. The first thing to do was to get the order from Lord Herbert, and weary as he was he set out at once on a fresh horse and rode to Llyssin and back before nightfall.

The Lord Herbert to whom he went was a grandson of the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cher-

bury. That nobleman, distinguished alike for his great attainments in literature and music, and for the quixotic and adventurous character of his early life, had held his castle of Montgomery in 1644 for King Charles. But it is evident that the Cavaliers suspected Lord Herbert's loyalty, and apparently with good reason, for on the approach of Sir Thomas Middleton at the head of eight hundred Parliament troops, the aged Lord surrendered the castle without a blow, and on very favourable terms to himself. It seems to have been at this time that he arranged a marriage between his oldest grandson, the Lord Herbert of our story, then a mere boy, and the daughter of the Parliamentary general to whom he had just surrendered. Whether the union was a happy one we do not know, nor how long it lasted, but Lord Herbert and his own father had remained devoted to the Stuart dynasty and were throughout their lives strong members of the English Church. Montgomery Castle having been demolished by order of Cromwell, the family had since resided at the old ancestral manor of Llyssin, and the present lord was just about building himself another residence at Lymore. He seems to have been a typical Cavalier, without much personal conscience in religious matters, and his persecution of the Friends, to which he was egged on by some of the other magistrates, was carried on in a rather half-hearted manner. He was on terms of friendship with the Lloyd brothers, and evidently shrank from carrying out his duties as a magistrate against them. He accordingly made no difficulty about giving Thomas Lloyd the required order, but



DOLOBRAN HALL IN 1882

From a Photograph

said that until the assizes no change could be made in the treatment of the prisoners.

"'Tis a great pity that gentlemen like your brother and Mr. Hugh David should join with these Quaker fanatics," he said to Tom at parting. "Tell him from me that I hope he will think better of it."

CHAPTER VII

IN PRISON

THERE had never been a time in the history of England when so many men and women, and for such various reasons, had been in prison. Besides the ordinary felons and vagabonds, there were numbers of political prisoners, for what had been loyalty three years back might now easily be counted as high treason ; so that outspoken men, such as Vavasor Powell, who believed strongly in a republican form of government, were driven either into hiding or into prison with the restoration of the monarchy. Again, in the winter of 1661, the rising of the Fifth Monarchy men had added some of Cromwell's old soldiers to the number. These religious fanatics, carried away by hopes of the speedy coming of the Millennium, had risen to overthrow the newly restored Stuart dynasty and to bring in the so-called Fifth Monarchy of Peace and righteousness. The rising had been promptly crushed, and not only were its leaders thrown into prison, but it was made the occasion for arresting scores of other quite innocent religious preachers, especially such as travelled over the country or were not connected with the recognized

Churches. The Quakers suffered severely then and in the years that followed. Anyone who had a grudge against a Quaker could get him arrested on a charge of disloyalty. The Oath of Allegiance would be tendered ; the Quaker from conscientious objection to ALL oaths, would refuse to take it ; and months or even years in a pestilential dungeon would be the result. So the gaols of England were full to bursting, but, contrary to the usual laws of commerce, the demand in this case did not bring the supply. The same dismal dungeons, ill-ventilated and built without thought of the laws of hygiene, that had sufficed in earlier days, did duty under the new conditions. Men and women, criminals and saints, were thrust promiscuously into those vile places, and such was the carelessness with which justice was administered that often the most fundamental principles of English liberty were disregarded. No notice of the cause of their arrest was given to the prisoners, and they were left to languish miserably from assize to assize without ever being brought up for trial.

Welshpool Gaol was a fair specimen of the provincial prisons of the seventeenth century. The six Quaker men, with three or four other prisoners, were confined in a room, perhaps fifteen feet by twelve. Its earthen floor was sunk two or three feet below the ground outside, and trampled into a condition of wet mud. A rough, ill-joined ceiling of boards separated it from the loft above, in which a score or more of drunken, cursing wretches were herded. One small window, strongly barred, admitted very inadequately the light and

air. Such was the pestilential hole in which Charles Lloyd had already spent nearly two weeks.

As yet no friendly visitor from the outside world had reached him. The " cruel gaoler " was trying to coerce the prisoners into paying him the exorbitant prices he demanded for food and other comforts. Hence he had held back all letters, as well as the beds and clean linen sent in by their friends, and had also, as we have seen, prevented the food which had been ordered from a neighbouring cook-shop from reaching them.

They were fortunate when it was only the oaths and ribald songs of the felons in the garret that reached them, for often other things, more concrete and less easily described, found their way through gaps in the ceiling. Thoughts of home and friends, of wife and children parted from them, perhaps for ever, were in their hearts ; yet they were not unhappy. The blessing they had experienced was so real and the world of new truth that had opened to them was so wide that mostly their hearts were filled with thanksgiving and praise to Him who had counted them worthy to suffer for His name.

Charles Lloyd had been brought up on hard and fast theological dogmas, but they had not satisfied him ; his soul had been athirst for God from his boyhood, and he had sought Him long and earnestly. Now he had found a living Christ, one who, as George Fox said, could speak to each man's condition. Now, instead of the doctrines of Calvin and the appeal to the external authority of the Bible, he was told that the revelations of the Holy Spirit had never ceased, and that he could

believe in Christ even as the first apostles had believed in Him, as an immediate and present reality. This view of the truth so far from lessening George Fox's reverence for the Bible, increased it, and led him to regard it, not as a historical collection of facts and laws and of the past working of a God who had now withdrawn Himself, written down by men to whom any error was a mechanical impossibility, but as a record of God's direct dealing with and revelations to mankind in the past, and therefore a book of the greatest value in learning to comprehend His dealings with them to-day.

The young master of Dolobran had heard this message of present power and actual communion with God, and had welcomed it with all his heart. In the quaint words of the old chronicler,[1] "He received the blessed truth joyfully and consulted not with flesh and blood, nor gave way to reasonings, but surrendered himself faithfully to suffer for the testimony of the holy truth and to obey the command of Jesus Christ." The prisoners had one consolation which even the cruel gaoler could not deprive them of; they could hold meetings together and wait upon their Lord in their prison. The Quaker worship consists in quietness of the soul before God and in the united approach to Him of loving obedient hearts. Even the noisy ribaldry of their fellow-prisoners could not prevent them. Their spirits rose above it to meet the divine Spirit who spread His wings of peace over that noisome dungeon, and shed abroad His love in the hearts of the little band, till often burning words of testimony

[1] See account by C. Lloyd's daughter, Elizabeth Pemberton.

were spoken and songs of praise arose, and they could have said with Jacob of old, "Surely this is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven."

Such a meeting was in progress when Tom, armed with the permit from Lord Herbert, once more presented himself at the gaol.

"They be at their fooling again," the gaoler told him as he let him in, and thus forewarned he entered silently and unobserved by most of the prisoners. The room was dark, but a ray of light from the casement showed him his brother, sitting with bowed head as though lost in meditation. The same mysterious sense of the divine presence, which he had felt among the Friends at Oxford, and in the inn-yard at Worcester when George Fox was preaching, came over Tom again, and involuntarily he removed his hat and bowed his head in sympathy. Presently Charles looked up and Tom caught his brother's eye. It shone with the light of victory and words were not needed to assure him that the years of unrest were over, and that Charles had found that for which he had so long been seeking.

The brothers talked long when the meeting was over. The younger told of his visit to Knockyn, and delivered his grandfather's message.

"Truly my action doth look somewhat hasty," Charles admitted, "yet am I clear that in this I am guided by best wisdom. Thou knowest, Tom, that I have sought unto many preachers, and I have attended for months together upon the ministry of divers of them. But always there was somewhat that held me back from casting in my lot with

them. Mayhap 'twas the words of Thomas Loe that I did hear at Oxford, for I did find that in me that answered to his words. Yet could I not at that time give up all to company with that despised people. But when it pleased the Lord to speak with me again in His great mercy through Richard Davies, I could no longer refuse His call. I am His now, for life or death. I know 'tis hard for Elizabeth, and that goes to my heart, yet where is the Scripture and the promise to him that forsaketh parents or brethren or wife for the sake of the Master. But I would fain have thee at Dolobran, at least till the Quarter Sessions be past. We shall know then what our sentence is. Yet I think not we can look for much relief. The thing is new in these parts, and there be many of the Justices that are bitter against it. The priest of this town, Parson Langford, hath suffered much in his private pocket by the family at Powis. They be Catholics, thou knowest, and do refuse his tithes and encourage their tenants in the same. He seeth himself further endangered by Friends, and hath no mind to spare us."

Tom recognized the truth of this, and he saw that his brother's heart was very sore for his young wife. So he at once consented to remain. The Quarter Sessions would not take place for more than a month, but there was plenty to occupy him at Dolobran. He asked Charles what could be done to relieve the situation at Welshpool.

"Verily I know not," he answered. "Elizabeth hath sent store of plenishings, and so did Edward Evans, his wife and others, but the gaoler

saith his orders are to admit none. We lie on straw on this foul damp floor, and have only the clothes they took us in. But there," he finished as he saw Tom's troubled face, " never vex thyself for that. Our Lord Jesus Christ had not where to lay His head, thou knowest. Tell Elizabeth that her sorrow is the only thing that moves me. I envy not King Charles in his palace for I have that in my heart that triumphs over all outward evils."

CHAPTER VIII

AN OLD WELSH FAMILY

THE Friends were brought up for trial at the Quarter Sessions, and great efforts were made to break down their resolution. But all stood firm in their refusal to take the oath of allegiance, and the jury, egged on by Justice Humphreys and Sir Matthew Pryce, two ardent Royalists, brought in a verdict of guilty of disloyalty, and the sentence pronounced was imprisonment for life with forfeiture of all their property both real and personal to the king. This was the famous sentence of Premunire so often meted out in that day, especially to Quakers and other nonconformists. When a man's property was premunired it was often not actually taken possession of by the Crown, but was at any time liable to be so. Also he could no longer claim the protection of the law in the collecting of his rents, nor in resisting any wrongs that might be put upon him. As it was usual for the unlucky individual who was premunired to be also sentenced to imprisonment for life, it will be readily seen that in most cases this sentence was the signal for gross spoliation and robbery. Greedy officials pounced upon the property already declared forfeit by law and made short work of

it in the absence of the imprisoned owner. Charles Lloyd was very fortunate in having so affectionate and faithful a deputy as his young brother to guard his interests at this crisis of his fortunes, and Tom, with natural regret but without hesitation, decided to defer his return to Oxford indefinitely.

Two hundred and fifty years [1] before the date of our story, Llewellyn, Lord of Llwydiarth, dying, had divided his property between his three sons. Dolobran and Coed Cwrydd, with a thousand acres or more in the fertile vale of the Vyrnwy fell to the lot of David the youngest. David's grandson, Owen, had adopted the name of Llwyd from the seat of his forefathers, and was the ancestor six generations removed, of the brothers with whose story we are now concerned. So the Lloyds of Dolobran had been settled for at least two hundred and fifty years on the estate of Dolobran, and had during that time comported themselves, in peace and war, in camp and Court, much as the neighbouring country gentry of their own degree. They had intermarried with the Vaughans, the Wynnes, the Pryces, Herberts, and Stanleys, and with other branches of the great Lloyd clan of Central Wales, and thus far they had preserved the family fortune and the family character fairly intact. The first, however, who emerges strongly into the light of modern history is the bluff old Cavalier, John Lloyd, of Charles the First's day. He, we are told, used to go to the Parish Church at Meifod in great state, followed by four and twenty of his tenants armed

[1] See *Families of Royal Descent*, by Mrs. Perrin Smith, or *The Lloyds of Birmingham*, by Samuel Lloyd, p. 1.

as halbardiers, with whom he sat in the huge square pew under the pulpit now long since removed. This old gentleman died before the commencement of the Civil Wars, which might have given him an opportunity of proving the metal of his followers in the king's behalf. His son Charles, the first to bear the name which has been continued in the family ever since, was a man of a different stamp, thoughtful and scholarly and inclined to the Puritan side in the troubled politics of the day. It is true he allied himself with the Cavalier interests by his marriage with Elizabeth Stanley of Knockyn, but in later life he had openly espoused the unpopular tenets of Vavasor Powell, and had written a book in his defence. He bequeathed to his sons a liberal education and a good name, with an estate unencumbered and somewhat improved from what he found it, and died when the youngest, Thomas, was barely seventeen.

Dolobran signifies a house on a slope or hillside, and no name could better describe its situation. Built on the brow of a steeply sloping meadow, it commands extensive views of the beautiful vale of the Vyrnwy, and is itself visible for two miles or more from the road that approaches it from Welshpool. The house, with its wide, hospitable hearths, low-ceilinged, oak-panelled rooms, and wide staircase, was a fair sample of a country gentleman's home of the period. There was a terrace garden along the front, where clumps of tall white lilies grew and mingled their perfume with the old-fashioned smell of the sweetbriers and gillyflowers. This garden had a southern exposure, and was a

good place for the flowers and for the children too. How many times had the little feet of Charles and Jack and Tom raced along the terrace and clambered down the stone wall that separated it from the steeply sloping meadow below ; a grand wall that to practise the muscles of a youthful climber. There were well stocked fishponds on one side of the house beyond the farmyard, with its ducks and hens and picturesquely timbered outbuildings.

To this home of his forefathers, the second Charles Lloyd had brought his bride only one year ago. The year, with its winter storms, its sweet spring days and summer perfumes, when a sweeter hope was ripening to its fruitage, had passed like a blissful dream. He had the memory of it now to cheer the gloom of his prison, but it was well perhaps for him that the future was hidden, for ten years were to roll round ere the sight of that loved home would again gladden his eyes.

CHAPTER IX

SHALL WE BAPTIZE THE HEIR?

AFFAIRS at Dolobran had suffered by the master's imprisonment, and the absence of old Owen, and Tom found plenty of work awaiting him, but his pleasant ways made him a favourite with the servants, and idleness and discontent were soon put to flight. It was not customary in those days to keep stock through the winter, so abundant provision of salted meat must be made for the household. Fuel, too, must be prepared, and all the cottages and other buildings on the estate made tight and ready for the winter.

Tom worked hard to make as much headway as possible before the Quarter Sessions, for when sentence had once been passed he knew that he would be liable to many annoyances from envious and evil-minded persons. He had the Welshpool prisoners, too, on his mind, and many a long journey did Merlin make as he carried his master hither and thither in efforts to lighten their hard lot.

He did succeed in obtaining permission for Mistress Lloyd to visit her husband, but beyond this his efforts at first were fruitless. The justices would not interfere, for they were determined to

make an example of this new heresy, and if possible to stamp it out in the beginning.

So the winter passed in great physical discomfort for the prisoners, but the divine life which had been made known to them did not fail them. They still praised God in their dungeon, and though the gaoler sometimes even brought a drum and other music to drown their voices, he could not stop them, and many of their fellow-prisoners, we are told, confessed that the Quakers had something to support and encourage them above and more than was natural.

As for Tom himself, he was wide awake now and was wrestling with the problems of the universe in his own experience. His conscience once aroused gave him no rest, and whilst to an outside observer there was little change in him, to himself he seemed now to be for ever striving and failing, and this fact brought with it a sense of unrest that was as new as it was disagreeable.

The long-continued sufferings of the Friends and their Christ-like patience and cheerfulness under them could not fail to impress him deeply. He had frequent talks with Charles, and by this time all the tenets of the Quaker faith had been fully discussed between them. Many of these appeared logical and Scriptural as explained by his brother, but they were so new to Thomas and so different from the teaching to which he was accustomed that, whilst his intellect assented, he was very far from being really convinced of them, and it needs much more than mere intellectual assent before a man can openly declare

himself a member of a sect so despised and persecuted.

His brother would not press his own beliefs, for one of the fundamentals of Quakerism is its respect for the individual conscience. "The Lord Himself will lead thee in a plain path, if thou art faithful to His appearings," he would say. "I must leave thee to Him ; only mind the light, and refuse not Him that speaketh in thy heart."

Mistress Lloyd, too, was greatly exercised over her husband's new beliefs. They touched her specially in the point of the baptizing of her boy. She herself, as we have already said, had been brought up an Independent, but though a pious and godly woman, she had no great head for doctrine and would have been well content to join in the service of the Parish Church and to practise the Christian virtues in her home and family. There was a certain reserve and stately bearing about her, too, that assorted ill with Quaker meekness and simplicity. She was not exactly proud, but she had been reared in wealth and luxury, and the "fine clothes" and "delicate nurture" of Charles Lloyd's bride are referred to again and again in the family chronicles. Perhaps, too, to be mistress of Dolobran was a lower rank in life than her birth entitled her to ; we may be very sure at any rate that to be the wife of a Quaker outcast had formed no part of the future to which she had looked forward. With it all, however, she really loved her husband, and we cannot blame her if she could not all at once adopt his new principles or quite rid herself of a feeling that Charles had allowed himself

to be carried away by the vagaries of a set of hair-brained fanatics.

"Parson Davies hath been here again," she said one night to Tom as they sat at the supper table. "He did rate me soundly for delaying little Charles his christening. Since they have passed that terrible sentence upon Mr. Lloyd, 'tis useless, he saith, to delay it longer. What thinkest thou, brother Tom? Shall we e'en go forward and do it?"

"Why, sister Lloyd," said Tom in surprise, "would you go against my brother's express desires? You know well that he is convinced that these outward ceremonies are no longer binding upon us, and he told me only last night that he feels they do stand in the way of belief in the true inward baptism with the Spirit, and do blind men's eyes to the necessity for it. Surely, sister, you do not think that the water that Parson Davies would sprinkle on the forehead of an unconscious babe like little Charles could benefit his soul?"

"Nay, I know not what I think," she answered pettishly. "I think thou art like to be a Quaker too, with thy arguings, but Tom, consider," she went on in a pleasanter tone, "though it do him no good, by the same token it will not injure him, and Parson Davies doth so torment and pester me; methinks he will arrest me next as a Quaker, and in sooth, brother, I do believe that the rite of baptism is instituted and ordained by our blessed Lord, and we do ill, I think, to neglect it upon pretence of our own carnal reasonings. There now, brother, have I not given you a sound reason, and one that cannot lightly be overthrown?"

"Truly I have ever thought so too," Tom answered, "but Charles maintaineth that our Lord when He gave the command to His disciples to baptize men in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost referred not to baptizing with water, but to the spiritual change that was to be wrought through their preaching. Peter, on the day of Pentecost, and others of them in their preachings, did, he sayeth, fulfil that command of the Lord and bring their hearers into the true fellowship with the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit; nay, he maintaineth further that the true ministers of the Gospel must do so to-day also by the same Spirit."

Here the conversation ended. Mistress Lloyd was silenced for the time, but not convinced. But the matter was settled sooner than anyone expected. The very next day, Tom having ridden out upon some business, Parson Davies appeared again at the Hall and informed Mistress Lloyd that he was determined to postpone the administration of the rite no longer, but would baptize the infant that very day. At this she bridled, and told him that her husband would not have it, nor was she willing to do it against his wishes.

"Nay, Madam," answered the minister, "this will not serve your turn. Mr. Lloyd is now a man premunired and out of the king's protection; his will availeth not in this matter. We risk the infant's soul by thus delaying. It runneth not with my service to God nor to the king to suffer the growth of heresy. Let the child be brought hither presently, or I promise you, Mistress, you shall shortly join your husband at Welshpool."

The Reverend Randle Davies was a tall man with a commanding voice. Elizabeth Lloyd really desired the baptism of her babe. She had told her husband so, and now though she was sorry to go against his will, she did not feel called upon to be made a martyr of on account of opinions she did not hold, so she gave way, and to-day the Parish Register of Meifod contains an entry to the effect that Charles Lloyd, son of Charles and Elizabeth Lloyd, was baptized, April 5, 1663.

CHAPTER X

A WINSOME LASSIE

ANOTHER interest was now occupying Tom. He was one of those true lovers of his profession who always seek to reach to the utmost of the knowledge that may be attained, and since his hopes of returning to Oxford had grown fainter, he had been striving with tolerable success to continue his medical studies at home by arranging with a physician in Welshpool to visit his patients with him on certain regular days, so as to increase the scope of his practical knowledge. These visits to Welshpool not only gave him frequent opportunities of seeing his brother, but soon led to other results. Dr. Pryce, with whom Tom was studying, was sent for early in April to prescribe for Gilbert Jones, the father of Tom's Oxford friend.

In his sick room Tom met again the dark eyed, bright faced girl who was her father's nurse. The illness was a prolonged one, for Gilbert Jones lay for weeks unable to move from rheumatism, and racked with pain that would have tried the soul of a saint, and in his frequent visits Tom had every opportunity to judge of Mary's character.

As he saw her, always bright and cheery, not

always wise perhaps, for she was but young, yet patiently doing the best she knew how, taking all complaints meekly, laughing at her own mistakes and resolutely striving to mend them, the thought grew in his heart that here was a woman who would be as God's best gift to the man whom she should honour with her love. Mary's mother was a sickly, ailing woman at the best of times, and now she could take no part in the heavy nursing, but they had faithful serving men and maids, and when the sickness was at its height neighbours came in to offer help. Dr. Pryce's young assistant himself spent two nights at the house that he might relieve the watchers and give the more skilled assistance which his knowledge and youthful strength made possible. Returning to Dolobran after one of these nights he found things there in a considerable stir. His sister-in-law, clad in riding-dress and wide beaver hat came to meet him as he entered ; a serving maid, with little Charles in her arms, both also dressed for a journey, stood by her.

"Now, brother, stop me not. I did think to be in Welshpool ere thy return. I am going to Charles."

"Hath he sent for thee ?" said Tom in surprise. "Dost think he will approve thy bringing little Charles to the prison ?"

"No, he hath not sent," she answered, "but I can bear it no longer. Parson Davies did threaten me with the gaol, and I trow 'tis good enough lodging for me. But come what will, I can no longer live in ease and comfort here whilst he is suffering. Yes, we will go to Father, won't we, my pretty

one ?" she continued, bending over the child and kissing it. Then turning to Tom again as he was beginning another protest, "Nay, you need not seek to move me from my purpose. I have thought well on all the difficulties. 'Tis six months and more that Mr. Lloyd hath lain in that vile place. He needs his wife, and no one hath the right to keep me from him."

So Tom escorted his sister-in-law to Welshpool. There were difficulties, of course, and objections, but she carried her point. She and her husband and child were given one of the small cells before spoken of, in an adjacent house, and here Elizabeth Lloyd made what arrangements she could for her husband's comfort. It was little indeed that she could do, for at first not even a bed was allowed them, and she, we are told,[1] "was made willing to lie upon straw with her dear and tender husband." But it soon became evident that prison air did not suit little Charles. The roses faded from his cheeks and instead of baby crowings and laughter his wailing cries pierced his mother's heart. With the hot days of July the child grew worse, fever burned on his cheeks, and Tom decided that a change must be made. He found a stout, honest, working woman who was willing to nurse him with her own baby, and so little Charles was sent away into the town, though not so far but that Elizabeth Lloyd could go to him often.

Meantime Tom's patient, Mr. Jones, was slowly regaining his strength, and life had resumed its accustomed channels in his household. Young

[1] Elizabeth Pemberton's account.

Dr. Lloyd no longer had any excuse for making a daily visit, and it must be admitted that he missed these visits very much. He was all alone now at Dolobran, and though this did not make much difference whilst days were long and outdoor interests were numerous, yet sometimes as he sat down to his solitary meals the thought would come: "How pleasant it would be to have a bright young face to smile at him across the table!" Did Mary Jones miss him at all he wondered? There had been some frank comradeship between the two in the stress of her father's illness, and Tom had fancied that her face brightened when he drew near. But with Charles in prison, Tom had felt, or fancied that he had felt, that his former acquaintances were decidedly shy of him, and since his coming from Oxford he had not mingled much with Welshpool society, so that his opportunities of meeting Mary were rare. One day, however, he had to call at Powis Castle to prescribe for a maid of Lady Herbert's. It was a welcome errand, for Traeth, Mary's home, was on the road to Powis. The Red Castle, so called from the colour of the sandstone of which it is built, rises proudly from the clustering foliage of its park, less than a mile from Welshpool, and those parts of the park which are open to the public are a favourite resort of the townspeople. As Tom rode slowly down a leafy avenue he caught sight of the two figures whom he had hoped to see. They were resting on a bench under an oak tree. Mary had wrapped a shawl about her father to guard him against a possible chill, and they were talking merrily when

Tom rode up. There were warm greetings on both sides, congratulations from Tom on the evident progress made, inquiries after Mistress Jones, all the pleasant every-day chit-chat that can assume such immense importance when spoken by a beloved voice. To Tom at least the meeting was no every-day affair. He drank in the joy of it like a draught of nectar. All around them seemed to rejoice with his joy, and to strive to add a fitting setting to the picture. There were the noble mountains, their rugged outlines softened by a gauzy blue mist, then the ruddy towers of the castle bathed in golden sunshine, and nearer vistas of woodland scenery interspersed with spreading verdant lawns where fallow deer were browsing. All this beauty and this summer air, soft as an unfaded roseleaf, was but the background, whose central figure to Tom's selfish eyes was his little love. "Yes," he said it boldly to himself at last, "that is the maiden that I love." The marks of severe illness still visible in the invalid brought out yet more by contrast the beauty of the daughter; the firm, elastic step and the fresh bloom of her youth and sweetness. Was it only joy at her father's recovery that made her eyes so bright and her cheeks so red? Tom hoped in his heart that the meeting with himself had something to do with it. Mr. Jones's voice aroused him from his blissful reverie. "And how goes it with the prisoners, Mr. Lloyd? Indeed I should be very ungrateful to forget them since I do ever hold that I owe it to your brother's hair-brained fancies that I had you for my chirurgeon. Yet would I

fain hear that he is grown wiser. Surely, Master Thomas, a scholar like your brother cannot continue long in this delusion?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Tom, in tones that had grown suddenly grave, "I do see no sign of his changing. He doth seem to prize these same hair-brained fancies mightily."

"But you, Mr. Lloyd, are no Quaker," put in little Mary as he paused. "They be so solemn and strict. *You* do not believe that it is a sin to take off your hat or to wear a feather? Nay, but I mind me," she continued, laughing gayly, "the first time I did ever see you, you wore a countenance as grave as any Quaker. It must be that you have been deceiving us all these weeks, and that you are in truth a Quaker at heart!"

She looked so roguish and merry that Tom grew quite confused, the more so because he detected under the banter a real note of anxiety in her voice, which while it flattered his vanity made it all the harder for him to answer. Gilbert Jones, in the meantime, was watching the two young people with newly awakened suspicions.

"Ho, ho," he was thinking. "Sits the wind in that quarter? We must look after you, Mistress Mary, if we do not want a Quaker son-in-law." So he said: "Well, Mr. Lloyd understands his own business, I suppose, but I do not hold that a moderate seemly attention to our religious duties in obedience to the Church is better than all these loud-voiced pratings."

"Yet the Church may be mistaken, sir," said Tom, firmly but respectfully. "You remember

that it was the high priests and Pharisees that crucified our Lord ; but I detain you too long. I must not forget my duties as a physician," he added more lightly. "Take your father home, Mistress Mary ; he must not overtax his strength."

That night Gilbert Jones and his wife talked long over their family affairs, and amongst other things they decided that it was high time to take steps looking to the marriage of their daughter Mary.

"The wench is going on seventeen," said Gilbert Jones, "and groweth comely, and we take not order upon it quickly there be others that will. What say you, dame, to our kinsman, John Pugh ? He hath been sometime her humble servant. Our families would agree well, meseemeth, in politics and religion, and they be weighty matters in considering a marriage. As for money, Mary will have eight hundred pounds to her dower. 'Tis a goodly sum, and I would it should go to a loyal servant of King Charles like John Pugh."

Mistress Jones fell in willingly with her husband's views, and it was decided to take steps in accordance with them without delay. Whilst her elders and betters were thus planning for her future happiness, their daughter was going over once more in her last waking thoughts every detail of the afternoon's incident. She saw again in imagination Dr. Lloyd on his tall black horse looking down on her with those eyes which told their own story plainly enough. How noble he had looked, and how strong and clever he was ! Yet she felt troubled as she remembered how gravely he had

spoken of the Quakers. "He must not join the Quakers!" she cried. "No, I never could abide it. I will tell him so the very next time I see him. He will mind my word more than those dull preachers."

Mary's opportunity was not slow in coming. Her father had over-exerted himself in his walk, and a fresh attack of rheumatism was the result. After struggling against it for a day or two, he gave in to his wife and daughter and allowed them to send for the doctor. "But mind you," he called, "let it be Dr. Pryce himself. I would liefer have him than the young doctor."

"Why, Father, I thought you liked Dr. Lloyd so much," said Mary.

"Oh, he's well enow," her father assented, "but I want Dr. Pryce this time. He is our regular physician, and I am not minded to put up with his assistant always."

Gilbert Jones was, in truth, anxious to prevent any more *tête-à-tête* between the young people. But it turned out that Dr. Pryce had gone to Montgomery, and Tom, who was left in charge of the surgery, lost no time in presenting himself at Traeth. He examined the patient carefully and prescribed for him, but his face was so grave that Mary followed him from the room, fearing he considered her father's condition serious.

"Is Father much worse?" she asked with faltering lips; "you look so grave, Doctor."

"I ask your pardon, Mistress Mary," replied Tom. "'Twas not your father that caused my grave looks. He needeth care, yet I trust this is

but a passing drawback, but I was just returned from the gaol when the messenger came. There is fresh trouble there, for the fever is broke out among the prisoners, and I do fear it much for my brother and his wife."

"I am very sorry," said Mary, and looked up at him with eyes full of pity, then suddenly changing her tone: "But why must they stay in that horrid place?"

"They could only come out by consenting to what seemeth to them forbidden by our Lord," Tom answered.

"But you don't think it wrong to take the oath?" said Mary quickly. "You are not going to join in all these strange doctrines of the Quakers?"

"No, Mistress Mary, you see for yourself that I am not yet become a Quaker," and Tom took off his plumed beaver hat and made her a sweeping bow. "Yet I must tell you that there is somewhat in their belief that doth greatly move me—there is a foundation of truth from which these outward things that look so strange do proceed. They do hold that God speaks directly to the hearts of all men, and that there is that in all that answers to Him so that we be bound to submit ourselves to that rule in our hearts. When I consider their sufferings and the power and comfort that doth support them, I could almost wish myself a Quaker, too."

"But how know you that these scruples of theirs and this wondrous guidance they tell of is not some delusion of the Evil One? 'Twere sad

indeed to give up all the joy and beauty of life for an error."

"Ay, there is the doubt that doth perplex me, and ever keepeth me from accepting their teachings," said Tom, and Mary quickly rejoined :

"Then I hope you never will. I do verily hate those gloomy Quakers."

CHAPTER XI

THE FEVER

AS the summer advanced the conditions at the gaol had grown worse and the terrible gaol fever broke out in August. Its first victims were the felons in the loft, but sickness did not stop their profanity. In the delirium of fever they still poured out curses and blasphemy. No one thought of calling in a doctor or of doing aught to lessen their sufferings. Gaol fever was too common in that day to arouse much compassion, and the risk of infection was so great that possibly such practice was not eagerly sought after.

However, the Welshpool felons were fortunate in having a doctor provided for them, for Tom on his next visit to his brother learned of the sickness and went at once to look into the conditions. He immediately sent for the gaoler, and ordered him to have the prison thoroughly cleaned out. The fellow blustered and cursed, but he had his own private fears of the pestilence and besides stood somewhat in awe of Dr. Lloyd, so he finally set to work and, marshalling the prisoners to his aid, soon inaugurated such an era of scrubbing and sweeping as Welshpool Gaol had not seen for many a long day. Two of the sick felons, however,

were beyond the reach of human aid, and four of the Quakers were also stricken with the disease. But there the fever stopped, and Dr. Lloyd set himself with all the means at his disposal to fight it, and with such success that out of his four fresh cases he only lost one. This was Edward Evans, "an honest and substantial man of this town" Charles Lloyd had called him in his letter to Tom at Oxford. This good man was a well-to-do merchant of Welshpool, and had an affectionate wife and children. His business had suffered much during his imprisonment and, until he was taken ill, his family had been allowed no access to him. Now at last, when the fever was burning away his life, permission was given for his wife to come to him. How gladly would she have raised him from his couch of straw upon the damp mud of the prison floor, and tended him with all the comforts of his own home! She was a brave woman, and one whose trust was in the Lord, yet it was a bitter thing to her to see her loved one dying thus before her eyes. She did not know that young Dr. Lloyd was watching her closely with an eager questioning akin to that which broke from the lips of King Darius when he cried aloud with a lamentable voice to Daniel, "Is thy God whom thou servest able to deliver thee from the lions?" Had Catherine Evans murmured at the cruelty of those who had brought her husband to this pass Thomas Lloyd would not have blamed her; had she even questioned the love or power of God would not have wondered, but she did neither. It was plain that she loved her husband tenderly, and would

have gladly given her own life in exchange for his, yet she never by word or look arraigned the circumstances, human or providential, that were responsible for his sickness. Her heart was so established in the secret place of the Most High that she seemed delivered from all excessive grief and from all fear for him or for her other loved ones. Quietly she went about among the prisoners, with leisure to spare, even from her husband, to do some kindly act for one of the other sufferers. Thus Catherine Evans bore her testimony, little dreaming how great was its effect on those around her, and especially on the young doctor, at this critical juncture in his experience.

The sick Friends lay on their wretched beds, arranged in the most comfortable corners of the miserable room, but with scarcely any of those things that we consider the barest necessaries of life even in health. The gaoler was obdurate, his first scare was over, he had often known worse outbreaks of fever than this one, and he could not see that anything further was required. "Nay, I've done more cleaning and fussing for you already than I ever did before in this prison," he told them. "They that sent you here did not intend that you should lie upon a bed of roses. There be more trouble and less profit in one Quaker than in twenty honest rogues and cut-throats." Tom tried his persuasive powers in vain. "What's the use of making such a coil, Doctor? They are sentenced for life, and the sooner they die the less trouble for them and for us." This argument seemed to tickle him mightily, and he went off

chuckling to himself whilst the other turned back sadly to his patients.

There was a change for the worse in Edward Evans that morning, and he approached the bedside softly, fearing to disturb him, but the sick man was not sleeping ; he looked up with a smile as Tom took his fevered hand and said, " Nay, Doctor, do not seek to hold me here, for it is too strait for me ; and out of this straitness I must go, for I am bound into largeness, and am to be lifted up on high far above all." Then seeing a tear on the cheek of his poor wife, he went on, " Dear heart, for thy sake it grieves me, but I have prayed the Lord to strengthen thee to give me up freely to His disposing hand, and I believe He will."

" Yea, Edward," she answered, " the Lord hath been gracious unto me, and I can freely recommend thee into His hands."

" Can you not sleep a little, sir ? " said Thomas Lloyd, bending over the sick bed.

" Nay, Doctor, there will be time enough to sleep anon, but now I must speak. There is a word in my heart for thee who hast tenderly ministered to us in this affliction. The Lord will reward thee for it. He hath visited thy soul, and I am to tell thee to give heed to His voice that is speaking to thee. Oh, heed not the vain glories of this world, but come out from them and submit thyself to Him who gave up heaven for thee. O Lord, in Thy unspeakable love, Thou didst send Thy only Son Jesus Christ to redeem us again. Oh, everlasting praises be to Thy name for ever ! " So he kept

on praising and blessing God for some time, saying : " I am well ; I feel no pain. I am full, my cup runneth over. I am filled as it were with marrow and fatness. I have seen His glory and tasted His precious truth. How pure is God's everlasting truth ! " Then turning again to Tom as with a sudden thought : " Never doubt that everlasting truth. Here as a dying man I say to thee that the grace of God that hath appeared in thy heart is true. Trust thou in Him, and give thyself up to Him utterly. He will not deceive thee." Then, striving to raise himself on the bed, he prayed that the Lord would deliver His people from their cruel oppressors, and that his fellow prisoners might be kept faithful to the end. After that his mind began to wander, and Tom laid him gently down again. His wife came and laid a cloth moistened with cool waters on his forehead, and as she did it he caught her hand, and with a gesture of intense love pressed it to his lips. He did not speak much more, only a word or two of love to his wife and of tender farewell to his children. Before the sunset light had faded from the summit of Moil y Golfa that evening the spirit of Edward Evans had escaped from the foul atmosphere of his dungeon and had fled away to join the blessed company of martyrs in singing praises to Him who had redeemed them and washed them in His blood and had made them kings and priests unto God and His Father for ever.

CHAPTER XII

A SPIRITUAL CRISIS

THOMAS LLOYD rode home that night with a great struggle going on in his heart. For once he was glad of the dark, empty house that awaited him. The servants, uncertain of his return, had made no preparations for his comfort, but old Owen soon lighted the candles in their silver sconces and placed a large meat pasty and a good flagon of home-brewed upon the board, and then waited with some anxious glances towards his young master for further orders.

"Thou canst go now, Owen," said Tom. "No need to wait further for me; and look thee, man, I may be late in retiring, for I have business in hand; make fast the outer doors, but let none sit up for me."

Left alone, Thomas Lloyd made a hasty meal, and then drawing his chair to the side of the empty hearth he sat down to settle accounts with himself. A stress of feeling was upon him that had in truth been long gathering, and now he realized that the hour for decision had arrived. He had told Mary Jones that it was the doubt as to whether the impressions that had for months been deepening in his soul came from God that had kept him from em-

bracing them. But whatever doubts he might once have had, he knew now that the Quakers were right, and that God did speak to human hearts, and that it was He who had spoken to him. In the clear light of eternity Edward Evans had said to him, "Never doubt that eternal truth," and now the young man sitting alone by the hearth of his ancestors recognized that the Divine Spirit was indeed witnessing in his heart and calling him to a complete dedication of himself to God. Then the old question presented itself: Why can't I do as other men do? Accept the Prayer Book with all its beauties and the teaching of the Church of England and practise that "moderate seemly attention to religious duties, in obedience to the Church," which Gilbert Jones recommended? But even as the thought came he knew that this would not do. The Church of England, as he had known her, had held out no living bread to feed the hunger of his soul. She taught him that the grace of God was to be received through Church ceremonies and through an outwardly ordained priesthood. He thought of Parson Davies and the enforced baptizing of little Charles, and realized that outward rites and ceremonies were mere husks that had lost their kernel for him.

But could he not adopt his father's faith and join the Independents? To do so need not mean such a complete coming out from all his hopes and ambitions. There were plenty of Independents who held their own in society and lived at ease in the land. But Tom had seen too much of spiritual truth as held by the Quakers to be content with

the stern doctrines of Calvinism. No, what he wanted now was God, the living God ; he felt that nothing but the present power of God's spirit could deliver him from the sense of sin and failure under which he was suffering, and gladly would he have cast himself upon that boundless love which he dimly recognized as waiting for him, but then the price ! To give up all, all ; yes, he must give up Mary. Already she came first to his mind ; and Mary Jones, with tender loving eyes that belied the scorn in her voice as she said, " I do verily hate those gloomy Quakers ! " seemed to stand between him and the choice that beckoned him. " For even if I could win the maid," thought Tom, " her father and mother would have none of me. He is a magistrate, and it would be his duty rather to put me in prison than to marry me to his daughter."

And then his loved profession. Must that, too, be given up? No one in these parts would want a Quaker doctor, even if he were left at large and free to practice ; but far more likely was it that Welshpool Gaol would be the grave of all his earthly hopes and ambitions. Then he thought of Charles. Of course his brother would rejoice to welcome him to the fellowship of the Friends, yet even here there would be loss. With Thomas at Dolobran, and as yet, in outward accord with the Vicar, there was a possibility of saving, at any rate, some of the family property, but from the demands already made he knew too well that if he were in prison too and premunired, it would mean no less than beggary for them all. " But that would not

matter much," thought poor Tom, "for if we were all in prison we should want little worldly gear."

Far into the night the conflict lasted. Tom went up to bed at last cramped and cold, with a dead, stunned feeling at his heart, as though the grave were already closing over everything that he held dear and over all his hopes and ambitions for the future.

CHAPTER XIII

A MORE ELIGIBLE WOOER

WHILST these things were happening at Welshpool Gaol and at Dolobran, Thomas Lloyd's friend, Morgan Jones, came home from Oxford for the long vacation. To him his parents presently confided their plans of marrying his sister to John Pugh, the young master of Mathafarn.

John Pugh was at this time about twenty-five years old. His father, Roland Pugh, had suffered much for his loyalty to the royalist cause, his house havd been burnt down by Parliamentary soldiers in 1644 and, a month later, he had died, leaving two daughters by his first wife, and his son John, then a child of six, the only issue of his second marriage. The second mistress Pugh's first husband had been Thomas Jones, own brother to Gilbert Jones, so that there was a close connection, though no relationship between the young people.[1]

John Pugh had latterly been paying devoted attentions to Mary Jones, attentions which were very welcome, at any rate to the young lady's parents, for he was a fine young fellow enough, with a good property of his own, and, like his father before him, very loyal to the king and Church.

[1] See *Montgomery Worthies*, p. 265.

Morgan Jones had always looked up to John Pugh with the admiration which a boy generally feels for one a few years his senior, especially when, as in the present instance, the senior is of a good-natured disposition, with plenty of money at his command. He now hailed with immense satisfaction the probability that this hero of his boyhood might soon become his brother-in-law. How wonderful it seemed that little Mary, for whom he had entertained a brotherly affection, mingled with a fitting amount of good-natured elder brotherly scorn, should be honoured with John Pugh's admiration!

"Well, Father, 'tis certain I shall approve the match, but in the meantime, what can be done to further it? You say that Mr. Pugh hath already made known his preference; we can scarcely throw my sister at his head, can we?"

"We might well leave matters to take their own course," replied his father, "but there is like to be another suitor for Mary's hand, and I would have things settled speedily lest obstacles should arise. You know, son Morgan, that Tom Lloyd hath joined himself with Dr. Pryce as his assistant, and hath been much here during my late sickness. I do fear me that he and Mary have taken a fondness for each other, and if Master John do not shortly declare himself, 'tis like Master Thomas will."

"Well, Tom Lloyd is a good fellow, too," said Morgan easily. "He hath a good estate and twice as much brains as Cousin John. Why do you not leave my sister to choose for herself, sir?"

"Why, boy, 'tis plain thou knowest not the

things that have been happening in Poole, since thy going to Oxford. Hast not heard that Mr. Charles Lloyd is become a Quaker, and hath lain rotting in gaol nine months already upon a sentence of premunire? I misdoubt me that his brother is touched with the same heresy, and at all rates I do not choose that Mary shall marry with a family of Quakers."

"Of course not, sir," said Morgan. "Then that's the reason that Tom did not return to Oxford. He writ me that his brother had need of him. Truly he had a gravity of demeanour that would well become him as a Quaker."

"Nay, now, Morgan, thou art too hasty. I said not that he is a Quaker, but only that I do suspect he hath a secret love for them. I would not injure the young man. He hath tended me skilfully in my sickness, though I do think 'twas his love for Mary that moved him more than his care for me. Still, 'tis an honourable gentleman, and a well skilled one, only I will not have him as Mary's lover. I will tell thee, lad, what we have done. Thy mother hath writ to thy Aunt Pugh to come to us to-morrow, upon pretence of a visit upon my recovery. We will converse with her upon this matter, and if she approve it, as I make no doubt she will, for she doth earnestly desire to see John well settled with a wife, we will then take order with her how to bring him to declare himself speedily."

The visit from Mistress Pugh proved wholly satisfactory. She was as anxious for the marriage as Mary's parents were, and the report she gave of

her son's eagerness in the business was all that could be wished. A few judicious hints as to a probable rival sent her home eager to assure John of the favourable reception of his suit by the parents of his beloved, and to encourage him to hasten his proposals.

As Gilbert Jones had said, Mistress Pugh was very anxious that the young master of Mathafern should take to himself a wife and settle down as became one of his position.

At the Restoration John Pugh had flocked with other loyal gentlemen to welcome King Charles. He had been well received at Court, and his name had been included in the list of gentlemen who were deemed fit and qualified to be made knights of the then intended, but subsequently abandoned, Order of the Royal Oak, as a reward for past services rendered by themselves or by their parents to the royal cause. We have it on good authority that his income was at this time valued at not less than one thousand pounds a year. Young and good looking, with plenty of money in his pocket, and no one to control his action, he threw himself into the pleasures of Court life, and for more than two years was not seen again at Mathafern.

Six months before the date of our story, however, to his mother's great joy, he had returned to Wales. He was still unmarried, but he proceeded at once to carry out various improvements at Mathafern, and announced his intention of settling down, for a time at least, in the country.

It is not to be supposed that this young gentleman had spent two years at the Court of the Restoration

without its producing some permanent effect upon his character. There were lines upon his handsome face that were only too common upon the faces of the young courtiers of the day, and his mother mourned secretly over the habits of dissipation that he had acquired. She thought that a good wife was what he needed. Young men were always a little wild, but the time had come now for John to settle down and be a comfort to his mother. Her heart rejoiced when she noted that his fancy was caught by the fresh young face of Mary Jones. Nothing could be better than an alliance with a family so akin in tastes and principles to his own. John Pugh got encouragement on all hands in his courtship, and now it seemed that nothing was needed but a little boldness on his part to go in and win.

When first this gay young gallant in all his Court splendour had risen upon Mary's horizon, and she had become aware that he singled her out from the other girls for his special attentions, her imagination had been dazzled and fascinated, and had he then pressed his suit he could certainly have won her. But John Pugh hesitated. He had been free so long he could not quite bring himself to the point of proposing. Mary was very young, and he felt secure in his own powers of charming. Then came her father's illness, bringing more serious thoughts, and then came Tom, and now well, who knows? A thousand pounds a year, a fine old house and a handsome "young courtier of the king," with your parents' blessing, are things not lightly to be refused. Go in, John Pugh, and try your fortune. The girl

with the pure eyes and merry laugh is too good for you, but if you win her she will make your home so sweet and wholesome that perchance the noble qualities in you may be awakened and you may stir yourself to that struggle with your lower nature which must be made if you are ever to accomplish the purpose for which you were sent into this world.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MAGISTRATES

THE impression that had been made upon Thomas Lloyd by the dying words of Edward Evans did not pass away. It was rather deepened in the days that followed, for since all the Welshpool Friends were by this time in prison, it was Tom who undertook to meet the difficulties raised by the prison authorities to giving up the body, and who carried out the simple arrangements which Catherine Evans desired for the funeral. The Quakers had as yet no graveyard of their own in Welshpool, so the grave was dug in the hillside behind St. Mary's Church,[1] and Thomas Lloyd stood beside it with the little band of mourners who gathered in silence to pay the last tribute to their departed friend. The orphan children of Edward Evans were there and some few of the townsfolk who dared to brave the displeasure of the authorities, and Richard Davies, who had been instrumental in the first convincements, spoke words of thanksgiving and praise and of comfort to the mourners.

Richard Davies had been absent from Welshpool on an evangelizing journey almost ever since the

[1] Journal Richard Davies, p. 44.

memorable meetings at Dolobran, and had only returned on the very morning of the funeral which, but for his opportune arrival, would probably have been a silent one.

The funeral over, Tom's work at the gaol was ended for the time, for the other sick Friends were convalescent and there had been no fresh cases of fever for several days. Richard Davies' coming also was a great comfort to Charles Lloyd, and Tom was glad to feel that he could the more easily absent himself for a few days from the prisoners. It was harvest time, and he was much needed at Dolobran, but besides that he wanted a little quiet to work out the spiritual problems with which he had been wrestling so long.

When the sunshine pouring into his room awakened him next morning to a new day, he felt strangely calm and subdued. He had been detained in Welshpool very late, attending to various matters of business after the funeral, and had reached home too tired to do aught but go to bed, but now as recollection returned and he began again to retrace the arguments he had gone over so often, it was from a new standpoint. He no longer thought most of what he was giving up, but more of what he was to gain. The love of God was flooding his heart as the sunshine was flooding his room, and soon he was kneeling by the bedside, joyfully giving himself up, body, soul and spirit, to his new found Saviour.

Even the thought of Mary Jones could not trouble him now. "She is Thine, O Lord, even as I am Thine, and I can trust Thee with the outcome of it." And with a glad heart he prayed

for her that she too might might come to know the bliss of this full redemption.

He opened his Bible, and the familiar words shone out with undreamt of power, "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth, for ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." The blessed meaning of it sank down into his heart, and he turned the pages and read again: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, as it is written, for Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us." He closed the book, and then, catching sight of his plumed hat as it lay on the table, with a sense of solemn joy he took it up and carefully removed its feather. It was the outward and visible sign of the new allegiance, the sealing as it were on his part of the covenant into which he had entered with his Lord.

The servants noted the change in the young master. "Tell 'ee what," said Owen in the kitchen, "Master Tummas be turned Quaker too. He have the same look in the eyes that Master Lloyd did have and the feather be gone from his hat."

All through these days as he went about his business on the estate, or sat at noon with his Bible by the casement that looked out over the valley smiling in the glory of harvest, the incomings of

the divine grace filled his soul. He could say with George Fox, "All the creation had a new smell." Everything else, all his doubts, all his fears for the future, were swallowed up in the great blessedness of the love of God in Jesus Christ that continually enfolded him.

At length on the fourth day, having put all in as good shape as possible at Dolobran, he took Merlin and went again to Welshpool.

In his brother's cell he found Richard Davies, consulting with him as to the condition of the prisoners. The efforts of the justices to stamp out the new heresy by imprisonments and fines were not succeeding, for new convincements were continually taking place and more and more Quakers were crowded into the gaols, until those of Montgomery, Welshpool and Newtown were full to bursting and the sufferings of the inmates were proportionately great.

"I fear me 'tis useless," Charles Lloyd was saying. "Thomas hath been once and again to the Lord Herbert. He hath an old friendship for us, but divers of them be very bitter, and the priests are all for pushing the laws to the utmost."

"Yet am I minded to try," Richard Davies answered, in his quiet voice. "'Tis laid upon me to go to all the justices, beginning at Machynlleth and those on that side of the county. We must suffer cheerfully whatsoever the Lord permits, yet I do hold that we are to lay the truth before those in power and seek to move them to listen to it. It may be for the enlightening of their hearts as well as for the easing of our bodies."

"Ay, and I will be thy companion in it," said Tom in so hearty a voice that Charles looked up inquiringly, and meeting the new brightness in his brother's face, noting too the absence of the long plume from his hat, he reached out his hand to him, saying in a glad voice, "Why, Tom, art thou become one of us?" And Tom answered, "Yea, brother, I have found the Lord, and He is very merciful." "Praise His holy Name!" responded Charles. "I have long been praying for thee."

[1] The two young men—Richard Davies was but twenty-eight, while Thomas Lloyd, as we know, was twenty-three—went forth that same day on their difficult errand. The receptions they met with varied greatly. Justice Mostyn, for instance, of Welshpool, a good-natured, kind-hearted man, was disposed to be very lenient, whilst Justice Pryce and young John Pugh would have made things even harder for the heretics had it been in their power to do so.

The visits were an ordeal to Tom, for he had been on terms of social friendship with many of the gentlemen visited, and as he met them thus for the first time since his new experience he realized that he must at once show his colours and bear his testimony.

When they came to Llyssin they were told that Lord Herbert was in the park at bowls with some of his friends. Thomas Lloyd knew the way to the bowling green, for he had often joined in the game, and now as they drew near he saw many familiar faces among the group of gentlemen around Lord Herbert.

[1] Journal Richard Davies, pp. 44, 45.

Richard Davies waited in the road whilst Tom walked quietly on to the green, and was at once hailed with cries of welcome from the players. Passing them by, however, with only a friendly nod, in place of the customary bowings and complimenting, he went straight to Lord Herbert and addressed him. It was very hard to use the "thee" and "thou" and to omit the familiar title, for Lord Herbert was eight years Tom's senior, and age as well as rank seemed to demand it.

Lord Herbert looked up with a quizzical smile from his bowling as Tom addressed him. "What, more Quakers!" he said briskly. "This must be put a stop to. We have lost your brother, Mr. Lloyd; we cannot spare you, too. I pray you have a care not to fall into the hands of the informers lest I be called upon to commit you also to prison."

Tom was greatly relieved to find Lord Herbert in so genial a humour, and made haste to request permission to introduce his friend, Richard Davies, who in the meantime had started a conversation with the nobleman's chaplain. "A peevish priest," he calls him. As Lord Herbert, with Tom by his side, crossed the bowling green, he called to his chaplain, "What have you got there, Mr. Jones?" "A Quaker, and haberdasher of hats that lives in Welshpool, your Lordship," answered the Parson. "Oh!" said Lord Herbert, "I thought so; that explains why he keeps his hat so fast on the block!" The sneer in his voice and the titter that went round the gay company at this joke made Tom wince, but it was only for a moment. He glanced

at Richard Davies ; no shadow clouded the calm that brooded on his face, and Tom felt with a glow at his heart that in the new found communion with his Lord, he himself had something worth far more than all the old worldly friendships.

Lord Herbert left his game and went along with the Friends towards Llyssin, giving them his careful attention whilst they laid before him the sufferings of their brethren, and pointed out that they were all quiet sober citizens, loyal to the king and only offending through obedience to their conscience towards God.

The last Justice to be visited was Gilbert Jones. His countenance fell when he saw who Tom's companion was, and noted the absence of the feather in the hat, that no longer came off in graceful *congé*, yet there was a secret chuckle of self-satisfaction also that his prophecy of his becoming a Quaker had proved true. To Richard Davies' representations he answered somewhat curtly, " I have had no hand in the business as yet, and Mr. Lloyd knoweth that I would not willingly injure his brother or himself either," he added with a significant glance at Tom's offending hat. " But, Mr. Davies," he continued, " if you have influence with these mercers and weavers, pray endeavour to prevail with them to give up their irregular pratings and rantings. We had enough of that in Oliver's days under the sequestrators, and I must give you both warning," he continued, with increasing sternness, " that we be little minded to permit another sect to gain a foothold in Welshpool. Parson Langford hath suffered much in his tithes by the

Catholic family at Powis and by the Independents and it is but right that we should strive to shield him from further loss. Indeed, I am sorry to see a town-born man like you, Mr. Davies, and a scholar like Dr. Lloyd, concerned with these sectaries." There was evidently nothing to be hoped for from Gilbert Jones, and Thomas Lloyd withdrew wondering somewhat at his coldness, which seemed but a poor return for all the attention Tom had showed during his sickness. If he could have seen into Mr. Jones's heart, however, he would have understood that it was that very fact mingled with the determination to give no encouragement to Tom's suspected suit for Mary's hand that was adding to his embarrassment. Morgan Jones was just coming in as they left the house. He greeted Tom warmly, but even in the midst of the greeting his manner changed as if he had suddenly remembered something, and became stiff and formal. Tom concluded it was because he had become a Quaker, yet Morgan was scarcely more than a warm-hearted boy, and as Tom knew well he had showed no such dislike to the Quakers at Oxford.

Whatever might be the result to the imprisoned Friends, one thing at least had been accomplished : Thomas Lloyd had taken a public stand as a Quaker, and it was a great gain to him in his Christian life to have done this so decidedly at the outset. From this time, moreover, there was an improvement in the conditions at the prison. The Friends were allowed to use their own beds and to receive the food brought them by their friends in the town.

CHAPTER XV

THERE'S MANY A SLIP

JOHN PUGH was not the man to let the grass grow under his feet when he had made up his mind, and now he was pressing his suit with a lover's ardour. He had a clear field so far as Tom was concerned, for the fever at the gaol and the events that followed had kept him busy, and under the new conditions it was hard indeed to see what combination of circumstances would enable him to renew his intercourse with Mary. For John Pugh, on the contrary, the way was open and easy. He came to Traeth the morning after his mother's visit there, and made his proposals in due form to Mary's parents. They consented gladly, of course, and would have called in their daughter and had the matter settled immediately, but John Pugh preferred to do his own wooing, and said that he would go to Mary in the garden, where he had seen her with her brother as he came in. "I will send Morgan to you, sir, if I may, whilst I try my fortune with the young lady," he said as he went out. Though his attentions had not been quite so pronounced since her father's illness had absorbed her, he had taken care that Mary should feel that he was but biding his time, and only two days

before this he had waited for her at the church door and handed her into the coach with many lover-like glances. Those glances no longer made Mary's heart flutter nor brought the blushes to her cheek, for she was too busy comparing him with Dr. Lloyd, and not altogether to John Pugh's advantage, yet she did admire his handsome face and fine dress and manners. She knew he was a hero to her brother, and Morgan's friends were always great in Mary's eyes. So when he said that Morgan was wanted at the house and, bowing, hat in hand, to Mary, asked permission to place himself on the bench at her side, she allowed him to take the vacant seat and tried to speak in every-day friendly tones in reply to his first remarks.

No sooner was Morgan gone than John Pugh began to press his cause. With many fine phrases and pretty conceits he let her know that she alone was mistress of his heart. He talked of Cupid's darts and of flames and torments till little simple Mary was quite perplexed. He told her plainly that her parents favoured his suit. "In truth, they would have settled all with me," he said, "but I would have my answer from your own lips, my princess. Speak but the word, and I am your slave for ever, to wait upon your smallest wish and fly on wings of love to do your bidding." He paused for the answer he had asked for, plainly with no thought of doubt as to its being immediately forthcoming, and strove to take her hand, but Mary's eyes were on the ground and the hand was not ready yet to be taken. She was thinking

hard. It would have been no unusual thing according to the manners of the day had her parents simply ordered her to marry John Pugh without regard to her personal feelings, but though nominally they had left her free to choose, they had not failed to make their wishes in the matter plain to Mary, and she would gladly have obeyed them. But even whilst her lover pleaded, she was seeing the clear, earnest eyes of Dr. Lloyd as he had looked at her in Powis Park. She knew that he was a Quaker now; her father had taken good care to speak of Tom's visit in his daughter's hearing and to say a scornful sentence or two as to his speech and bearing that would, as he supposed, effectually kill any lingering tenderness towards the young doctor that might remain in Mary's heart. At the time he seemed to have succeeded, for the girl's sunny nature shrank from the gloomy ideal she had formed of the Quaker creed, yet now at the moment, when John Pugh was putting forth his best efforts to please her, there again was the thought of Tom intruding itself.

At last she raised her eyes to John Pugh's face. There was no love in them, but terror rather, as she said: "Oh, do not press me for an answer; indeed, I cannot give you the one you crave. Let me have time to speak with my mother. I am but a silly child, cousin."

He began to plead again, but stopped as he recognized that no further encouragement was to be had. "Since 'tis your mother you will consult, my queen," he said at last, "I must e'en consent, for I know beforehand what she will advise, and I shall come

again to-morrow for my answer. Till then, adieu ! Good angels have you in their keeping."

He was gone, and with a slow, unwilling step Mary followed him to the house. She knew she must face her parents' displeasure, and she had no reason to give for her refusal of so eligible an offer save an inexplicable repugnance which would seem mere childish folly in their eyes. Those were the days when parents ruled their children more by fear than love, and when Solomon's formula was applied even to girls of Mary's age. However, Mary's parents wisely reflected that to beat their daughter might not be the best course to take to make John Pugh agreeable to her, so she was spared that humiliation, but when she had shown herself impervious to all the arguments they could bring to bear as to her lover's fortune and position, and careless apparently of the grandeur they promised, the journeys to London and the gay life at Court, then indeed her mother's patience gave way and she rated her daughter soundly for a little fool. " 'Tis against reason that a chit like thee should set her foolish whims against so brave an offer. I wonder, Gilbert," she went on, turning to her husband, " that thou dost not e'en compel the child to behave more Christianly."

" Come hither, Molly," said Gilbert Jones, thus appealed to. " Come to thy father, child, and tell me what it is that doth not please thee in thy Cousin John."

" Nay, Father, he pleaseth me well enow, save that methinks he is too fine and modish for me. But why must I be married, Father ? I would fain

stay with thee and Mother. Who will tend thee when thy knee doth pain thee?"

"True, Molly, thou art a good girl, but hark in thy ear, daughter. What of that young doctor of medicine that did teach thee how to tend me? Beshrew me if I think not that John Pugh did please thee well till Thomas Lloyd came; nay, never blush so, girl, but mark what I tell thee. I will not have my little Mollie mating with a Quaker heretic. They be a parcel of gloomy fanatics that despise the good things that heaven sends us, and they shall not change thy merry smiles for their sour, melancholy whinings."

The merry smiles were far enough away by this time, and two tears were quivering on Mary's eyelashes. "Dr. Lloyd hath never spoken a word of love to me, Father," she said indignantly.

"Come now, Mollie," said her mother, "we waste time. John will be here to-morrow for his answer. Thy objections to him are but childish folly and perverseness. 'Tis time thou wert done with these, and I trust that ere he comes thou wilt frame him such a reply as will meet our wishes and his deserts."

The morning came, but Mary's answer was not ready, at least the answer which her parents wished for was not ready. They coaxed and scolded in vain, till her father said, "Well, Molly, thou are a true woman,

> When she will she will you may depend on't,
> But when she won't she won't, and there's an end on't.

It seemeth to me that thy objections to John are

no more reasonable than that, and I will not have thee give him a downright 'No' on reasons that are so flimsy. If thou wilt promise truly to endeavour to overcome thy foolish fancies, we will beg of him to give thee a month's grace in which the better to improve your acquaintance. If he truly love thee I trow he will consent, though 'tis much for a chit like thee to ask. Now which shall it be, child? Either say 'Yes' at once and be done with it, or take four weeks to study the matter?"

Gilbert Jones evidently meant that it should be "Yes" sooner or later, but Mary, of course, jumped at the concession, which was indeed a most unusual one.

John Pugh when he came was both surprised and vexed at the proposed delay, but the little Welsh girl had gained his heart, so he consented finally, consoling himself with the thought, "'Twill be but a little longer courtship. I did intend to spend this winter at Mathafern. We can still be married at Christmas and I can take her to town next spring."

So the days went by, not very happily for Mary, though she did honestly try to love John Pugh, and he on his part wooed her with all the polished skill of that Court whose chief study was love-making.

CHAPTER XVI

THE MISTRESS OF SWARTHMORE HALL

ELIZABETH LLOYD had already been shut up for many months in the narrow gloomy cell to which her husband had been assigned when she had joined him in prison soon after the baptism of little Charles. She had given up her baby as well as her own personal comfort for her husband's sake, and no doubt she reaped her reward in the redoubled tenderness with which he treated her. Yet all this could not bridge the gulf which had opened between these two, for what was in his eyes the most important part of his life was to her simply a deplorable delusion. She had come to him, impelled by repentant tenderness, pity for his sufferings, and sorrow because she had grieved and disobeyed him in consenting to the baptism of her baby ; but as the days and weeks went by it must have often seemed that her coming had actually made things harder for them both, for Charles Lloyd had not only the grief of seeing his beautiful and delicately nurtured wife exposed to hideous and cruel sufferings, he had the deeper grief of realizing the spiritual separation that had arisen between them. She suffered too, for the privations were

very real and bitter, and then she felt they were so unnecessary. If Charles would but relinquish these delusions they could all return to Dolobran and to the congenial friends of other days.

At the time at which our story has now arrived, she was looking forward to the coming of another little babe, and her heart must often have been sore within her as she thought upon her lonely, desolate condition. But the tender and compassionate Lord whom both of these loved had a blessing in store for them, and a messenger prepared by whose hands it should reach them.

One beautiful winter's day when rays of golden light were shining even into the gloomy cell of Charles and Elizabeth Lloyd, two ladies, well mounted and accompanied by a serving man in the plain Quaker garb, arrived at the door of Welshpool Gaol. The elder lady was a comely matron of some fifty years, whose noble and expressive features were radiant with motherly and saintly goodness. This was Margaret Fell, a woman of such strong Christian character that her husband, Judge Fell, though he never himself forsook his parish church, yet united with her in making their home at Swarthmore Hall the headquarters of Quakerism in the North of England.

Six years earlier Judge Fell had died, and Margaret Fell, whilst mourning him as a devoted wife should, had not suffered his death to interfere with her service for her Master. Her home and her purse were freely open to the preachers of the new sect and her pen and her "most sweet, harmonious voice" were in constant use in the great Quaker

propaganda that was being carried on throughout England. She was now on a religious visit, as the Friends called it, to Friends in the South-western, Midland and Northern counties, and in its course, hearing of the hard persecution in Montgomeryshire, had turned aside to speak words of comfort to the Welshpool prisoners.

Elizabeth Lloyd had thus far met only such converts to Quakerism as Richard Davies, the "haberdasher of hats," Edward Evans, the substantial Welshpool tradesman, and others in a lower social rank than her own, but now as she saw the rich though plain clothing and listened to the cultured tones of Mistress Fell, her interest was awakened, and the thought flashed into her mind that here was one who would understand her and whom she could understand. Here was a lady, evidently with breeding and culture equal to her own, who yet had identified herself with the despised Quakers ; could she not answer the questions that had long been surging within her, questions which Charles could not answer to her satisfaction, for he was a man and could not understand her woman's view point ?

Charles Lloyd noted the sudden lighting up of his wife's face and the eyes shining once more as he had not seen them do for months. Oh, if Elizabeth should be "reached," if the Truth should be opened to her. He began to pray earnestly that it might indeed be so. When after the meeting she turned to him with that new wistful softness in her face and craved permission to invite Mistress Fell and her daughter to pass the night at Dolobran,

he responded warmly, thanking the Lord for a coming answer to his prayer. He saw them all depart, and then turned again to his lonely cell and to his prayers for her who was dearer to him than his own soul.

Margaret Fell had gladly accepted the invitation to Dolobran as a divine leading. She always sought opportunity to visit the families of the imprisoned Friends in their own homes, and there was that in Elizabeth Lloyd's eager face that found a quick response in her motherly heart. Sarah Fell, who was her mother's companion on this journey, was in 1664 a blooming dark-eyed maiden of twenty, fourth in order of the group of seven Swarthmore sisters.

As the three ladies rode through the gathering dusk of the short winter day, Elizabeth's spirits rose as the dreadful precincts of the gaol were left behind and she thought of the pleasure of once again entertaining her friends in her own comfortable house. She chatted gaily with Sarah Fell, and more than once her merry laugh rang out on the evening air. Margaret Fell rode more quietly. She did not rebuke the "lightness" of her young hostess, but neither did she join in it. Her thoughts were with the prisoners she had left, and then she was praying secretly for light and guidance in her intercourse with her new acquaintance.

They reached Dolobran, and at first all was bustle in the preparation for their unexpected coming. Tom was out about his medical duties, but the servants welcomed them, and as many of them had become converts to their master's faith, their

welcome was all the more earnest when they learned who their Mistress's visitors were. "'Tis Margaret Fell herself from Swarthmore," was whispered from one to another ; for as we have said, her name was a household word amongst the Friends.

Soon fires were blazing in the chambers so long unused, and linen was airing, whilst, downstairs, Mistress Lloyd herself bustled about getting out her finest napery and her precious silver for the table, and conferring with the cook as to the evening meal. For the moment, in the pleasure of these congenial occupations, her spiritual troubles were forgotten, and Welshpool Gaol, with all its hideous privations, seemed like the shadow of a dream. At length all was in readiness, and Elizabeth Lloyd once more was seated at the head of her own table with Mistress Fell and her daughter on either side and Tom opposite to her, delighted with the bright home and gracious company to which he had returned.

Then the guests told of all that was doing in the Quaker world, of how George Fox had been arrested on suspicion of connection with the plot of the Fifth Monarchy men and lay in Lancaster Castle ; of what success the preachers were having, and of George Whitehead's efforts with the King in behalf of the imprisoned Quakers. But when she spoke of the King and of the Court Margaret Fell's musical voice became more stern, for she had been in London and had seen for herself the zeal of the persecutors and somewhat also of the wicked looseness of that sensual Court.

When supper was ended they gathered round the great hearth in the hall, and then Elizabeth Lloyd, seated by Margaret Fell, asked the question that was burning in her heart. "I would fain hear what it was that moved you, a woman of learning and breeding, to join yourself with these unlearned and ignorant Quakers."

"'Tis not a matter of learning, dear heart," replied the elder lady. "There be many learned men among Quakers, as well as many of the baser sort, but 'tis the revelation of God to the heart, and *that* cometh alike to the wise and to the simple. Thou knowest it is written, 'Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.'

"But for thy question, I will tell thee how it befell with me." And then she told the story that is one of the cherished traditions of the early spreading of the Quaker faith; how on a winter day, twelve years before, George Fox arrived at Swarthmore Hall, attracted thither by the report of the godly family that inhabited it. Judge Fell was absent at the time on circuit, but Margaret Fell and her daughters gladly welcomed the intrepid preacher of whose conflicts with the clergy many rumours had already reached Swarthmore. Their own minister was one Lampitt, "a high notionist," George Fox calls him, one "who would make it appear that he knew all things, and had arrived at such a state of perfection that he was above John the Baptist, and able to do anything, however bad, without sin."

It throws a light on the kind of religious teaching that satisfied the pious people of that day to know that the Swarthmore family thought highly of this preacher, on whom now descended George Fox, with his plain, downright methods of going straight to the heart of things, and of testing all by the Bible. Mr. Lampitt's high notions could not stand for a moment, and before she went to bed that night Mistress Fell was fain to own in her heart that George Fox was right and Mr. Lampitt wrong. Next day being a fast day (this was in the times of the Commonwealth) there was preaching in the Church, and she urged her guest to go and hear more of what Mr. Lampitt could say for himself. He might have opportunity to speak himself also, for such was the custom of the times, and great was the interest of the people when two religious teachers would publicly debate some nice doctrinal point. George Fox, however, told his hostess that he must do in the matter as he was ordered by the Lord, and they started for church without him.

Later on they saw him enter, and stepping forward request permission to address the assembly. This was promptly given, and he proceeded to speak with such power that he astonished and convinced Margaret Fell beyond all doubt, that he was indeed a minister commissioned by the Most High to preach the Gospel. At first she stood up in the high square pew that she might get a view of the speaker, and lose neither word nor action.

"But what was it?" eagerly interrupted Elizabeth Lloyd at this point. "What was it that so

convinced you that the Quaker was in the right of it?"

"It was because he spake not of words and notions," Margaret Fell made answer, "but he set forth the very plain truth itself, how God desireth truth in the inward parts; that He hath made man in His own image, and will never rest satisfied until we be restored to the same, not in words and doctrine, but in very truth. Oh, then I saw," she went on, waxing eager in her story, "how we all had been trying to enter the sheepfold by climbing up another way instead of entering by Christ the door, instead of following in spirit and life the guidance of the True Shepherd, and I cried out in my heart to God, 'We are all thieves! we are all thieves!' and then I sat me down in the pew and wept abundantly as I thought upon it. So I heard no more that they said, and presently thereafter the assembly broke up.

"So he came to our house again that night," she went on, "and spake in the family among the servants, and they were all generally convinced. But I was stricken with such a sadness, I knew not what to do, my husband being from home. I saw it was the truth, and I could not deny it, therefore I did as the Apostle saith. I received the truth in the love of it. It was opened to me so clear, that I had never a tittle in my heart against it; I desired of the Lord that I might be kept in it, and I wished for no greater portion."

She ceased speaking and was silent, gazing into the glowing embers of the fire. Then Thomas Lloyd asked, "And what said Judge Fell when he

returned from his journey?" and Margaret Fell replied: "A deal of the captains and great ones of the country went to meet my husband when he was coming home, and told him that a great disaster had befallen his family, that they were all bewitched, and that if he did not quickly send those away who had taken us out of our religion, all the country would be undone. So he came home in great displeasure against them that had so wrought upon us, and especially against me, who being his wife and the head of the family in his absence must bear the weight of all. Any may think what a condition I was like to be in, that either I might displease my husband or offend God. But in that extremity I brought all to the Lord, and truly I found that He was over all, and blessed be His name, He removed that great mountain and made hard things easy for me."

Then she told how after interviews with some of the Friends and much talk with George Fox himself, Judge Fell "came to see clearly the truth of what he spake," and though Mr. Lampitt came to see him and dilated on the ruin the Quakers would bring on the neighbourhood if they were not driven out, he found no sympathy from the Judge, who by that time was convinced that the Quakers, even if extreme in some of their views, were a truthful, conscientious, Christian people. That same morning, hearing some Friends consult together about getting a place where they could establish a meeting, he promptly and nobly said, "You may meet here, if you will." "And the meeting hath been kept up ever since in the great dining-hall at

Swarthmore," continued Margaret Fell. "My husband went on that First day to the Steeple-house, and none with him but his clerk and his groom, and at this the priest and the people were all fearfully troubled."

Elizabeth Lloyd had listened eagerly to this narrative, and now she turned to Margaret Fell with a more personal question. "But what is this truth you speak of? 'Tis ever Charles's saying, 'Mind the truth, Elizabeth,' but how shall I know what is the truth? Parson Davies, who is the priest of our parish, sayeth 'tis God's truth that infants must be baptized, and I did consent to the baptizing of our little Charles, but Mr. Lloyd was sore grieved, and yet methinks a learned man like Mr. Davies should know what is truth better than ignorant, ranting weavers and tailors. Indeed, I marvel greatly that Mr. Lloyd and my brother-in-law, who are both Oxford scholars, should take up with these new teachings, but you, dear Mistress Fell, meseemeth, you could clear these matters to my understanding, for I think sometimes 'twere best for me to leave Mr. Lloyd alone at Welshpool. I do only fret and grieve him."

"Dear heart," answered Margaret Fell, looking with loving sympathy on the eager face of her hostess, "'tis not what Parson Davies sayeth nor what George Fox sayeth that thou must follow. God hath given thee somewhat that is a more sure guide than they. Thou art to mind the teaching of His Spirit in thy own heart. See, I will show thee the matter as it seemeth to me. The Parson hath the teachings of his Church; he sayeth that

the Church saith so and so, and we must not question what the Church sayeth. The Quakers say : God is a spirit, God hath created man in His own image ; therefore man's spirit can hold communion with God's Spirit, therefore must we ever seek after this communion, for it is our only true life."

" Then meseemeth every man would be a law unto himself, and none might question what any might run into. Surely this tendeth to confusion and ranting ? "

" Yea, verily, might it even do so, save that we have the Scriptures of truth by the which we may try the Spirits, whether they be of God. For we believe that the Holy Spirit enlightened and guided those holy men of old who did give forth the Scriptures, and the same Holy Spirit that gave them forth doth now enlighten our hearts to understand them. So, dear heart," she concluded, " What I would call thee to is, not that thou shouldest embrace *my* teachings, or the teachings of thy husband, or of George Fox or of any human teacher, but settle thy mind to this, that thou wilt with a single heart seek to know the will of the Lord, and that thou wilt do it so far as thou knowest it, in the strength of His grace. *That* is what we mean by minding the truth."

It may be that Elizabeth Lloyd had heard all this before, but somehow the moment had come, the human voice that could reach her ear and the personality that could touch her heart had come, and from the confusion that had prevailed this one thought stood clearly out, and she recognized that God had a definite will for her which she was bound

to discover and to obey. It came like a star of hope and rest after months of darkness and suffering. Yes, she saw that if she were doing God's will, even Welshpool Gaol might be a blessed place, and she laid her head on the pillow that night in peace, for she too had embraced the truth in the love of it.

CHAPTER XVII

MOLLY MAKES UP HER MIND

THE month of probation was passing at Traeth, and somehow John Pugh felt that he was not making much progress in the good graces of his lady. It would have been too much perhaps to expect that a man of his tastes should put a complete restraint on himself for so long, and as a matter of fact he had more than once been decidedly the worse for liquor in Mary's presence. In his cups he showed a good deal of his real character, and though such habits were not considered ungentlemanly in that day, still John Pugh's real self did not prove attractive to Mary, and her repugnance to him increased in spite of all her efforts to the contrary.

The sense of her parents' displeasure, too, weighed upon her, and altogether this first experience of the world and its glories was proving anything but an unmixed joy. No one else seemed to share her view of the matter. Her parents were not unkind ; they had no thought of sacrificing their daughter ; in fact, in giving her up to be married they would be really making a sacrifice of their own feelings, but drunkenness and loose living were so universal that it would have been hard to find a young man

of fortune and fashion who was free from them. Neither was love considered a necessary part of the wedding outfit; in fact, John Pugh was in their eyes a *most eligible* young man, and they could not understand their daughter's objection to the match. Mary herself was by no means blind to all the delights that were held out to her, and naturally they appealed to her strongly, but there had been hints in her lover's manner to her more than once that warned her of the price she would have to pay were she to consent to become his wife, and as the day approached when she was to give her final answer she roused herself with an instinct of self preservation to a single-handed conflict against all the powers of her little world. Mistress Jones was discoursing of the trousseau and of the shopping expedition that must be made to Shrewsbury town or even to Bristol, when Mary summoned courage to say, "I shall never marry Cousin John, Mother. I have verily striven to love him, but 'tis impossible. You will not force me, dearest Mother," she went on, kneeling beside her mother's chair and striving to possess herself of her hands. This was not readily accomplished, for her mother was not in a humour for petting.

"What nonsense is this, child?" she said severely. "Who talks of forcing? Here is such an offer as most girls would jump at, a handsome gentleman, young and well mannered, with a good fortune and a beautiful old place; in short, the advantages are too clear to need to be rehearsed, yet thou, silly child, for the sake of some squeamish fancy or other, wilt have none of it. Were I thy

father I would force thee indeed, and thou wouldst thank me for it once and always."

"In truth, Mother, it grieves me sore to displeasure thee and Father and Master Pugh too," she went on sadly. "I know it soundeth pure folly to you all, yet I cannot do it. Mother dearest, ask me not to marry; let me still be thy little Mary at home." There were arguments and pleadings enough. They all tried their powers of persuasion, but Mary, hitherto so gentle and yielding, was firm. "I cannot, I cannot," was all her answer. She felt, poor child, as if she were clinging for dear life to a board in a stormy ocean. It seemed as if she would be committing murder on all that was good in her if she said "Yes" to John Pugh.

John Pugh himself came to her aid. "I force no woman," he said coldly. "The master of Mathafern needeth not to go on his knees to a peevish girl."

He rode away cursing himself for his folly in wasting his time where he was not wanted, and Mary was left to cry bitterly and to feel that she had offended everyone she cared for. She had one consolation, however; she had been true to her best instincts, and such truth brings its own reward. More light comes to the soul that obeys the light it has, so now to Mary came the sense that she was called to something higher and nobler than mere external pleasures. She began to understand that the life is more than meat and the body than raiment.

It was well for her that she had this comfort, for

it was a dreary winter. Morgan had gone back to Oxford at the end of the long vacation ; Gilbert Jones's rheumatism returned with the November fogs, and he was fretful with the pain and the confinement indoors ; Mistress Jones, too, was ailing, but now it was old Dr. Pryce who was in attendance ; there was no Dr. Lloyd to come in with his strong arm and cheery voice to their aid. Mary did her best, but she knew she had brought great disappointment to her parents, and the sense of their displeasure depressed her. Sometimes she wondered whether she had done right in refusing John Pugh. How can one know what is right, she thought wearily ; things are so difficult. Once she had asked Dr. Lloyd that same question, and he had owned that it puzzled him too. But that was before he became a Quaker. Had he found the answer now, she wondered.

CHAPTER XVIII

THOMAS LLOYD AS A QUAKER

BUT to return to Thomas Lloyd. Though it had seemed to him that in joining the Quakers he was giving up everything, he was in reality stepping out into the current of a movement that was to be world-wide in its influence. Far beyond the narrow limits of Montgomeryshire it was stirring human hearts, and some of the most extraordinary men of the day were concerned in it.

James in his *Varieties of Religious Experience* says of it: "The Quaker religion which he (George Fox) founded, is something which it is impossible to overpraise. In a day of sham, it was a religion of veracity, rooted in spiritual inwardness, and a return to something more like the original gospel truth than men had ever known in England. So far as our Christian sects to-day are evolving into liberality, they are simply reverting in essence to the position which Fox and the early Quakers long ago assumed." [1]

The hopes of toleration that had been aroused among the Dissenters by the Declaration of Breda had long since faded. Charles the Second did not really care for the rights of his subjects. It is true

[1] *Varieties of Religious Experience*, p. 7.

that throughout his reign he was striving to obtain toleration for the Roman Catholics, and he was lazily willing to extend its benefits to all the non-conformist sects. Yet sooner than endanger the grants of money which he wanted for his own pleasures, he allowed the Episcopalians in Parliament to pass bills, the Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, and the Five Mile Act, which wrought havoc amongst all Dissenters alike.

But it was in their method of meeting the storm that the Friends differed from the other sects, and it is for this that Englishmen to-day should especially thank them. Another modern writer, Masson, in his *Life of Milton*, gives a vivid description of the way in which the Quakers waged their peaceful war.

After explaining how easy it was to break up the worship of other denominations by abstracting some of their machinery, Masson says :

> Not so a Quakers' meeting, where men and women were worshipping with their hearts and without implements, in silence as well as in speech. You may break in upon them, hoot at them, roar at them, drag them about ; the meeting, if it is of size, essentially still goes on till all the component individuals are murdered. Throw them out of the door in twos and threes and they re-enter at the window and quietly resume their places. Pull down their meeting houses and they re-assemble next day most punctually amid the broken walls and rafters. Shovel sand or earth upon them, and there they sit, a sight to see, musing immovably among the rubbish. This is no description from fancy. It was the actual practice of the Quakers all over the country. They held their meetings regularly, perseveringly and without the least concealment, keeping the doors of their meeting houses purposely open that all might enter, informers, constables or soldiers and do whatever they chose. In fact, the Quakers behaved magnificently. By their peculiar method of open violation of the law, and their

passive resistance only, they rendered a service to the common cause of all nonconformist sects which has never been sufficiently acknowledged. The authorities had begun to fear them as a kind of supernatural folk, and knew not what to do with them but to cram them into gaols and let them lie there. In fact, the gaols in those days were less places of punishment for criminals than the receptacle for a great proportion of what was bravest and most excellent in the manhood and womanhood of England.[1]

As the Quaker movement in Montgomeryshire had only been inaugurated about three years, that part of the country chanced at this time to be rather a focus of the persecution, so that it came to be a saying that when any Quakers were taken prisoners in Montgomeryshire there would be no end to their imprisonment ; yet, as we shall see, here as elsewhere, the severity exercised in individual cases depended largely upon the humour of the justice into whose hand the accused person chanced to fall.

From the time that the two Lloyd brothers identified themselves with the Quakers, they were acknowledged in virtue of their birth and education as leaders of the little band of Welsh Friends that had been gathered, mainly through the preaching of Richard Davies and John ap John. In common with most of the other adherents of the new faith, the joy so much outweighed the sorrow of their sufferings for conscience' sake, that no sooner were they convinced themselves than they began striving to spread the knowledge of the truth as they understood it. Thomas Lloyd was presently holding meetings at Dolobran with his servants and those

[1] Masson's *Life of John Milton and History of His Times*, vi, 587–8.

MEIFOD CHURCH

of his tenants who chose to attend, and he also commenced a meeting at Coed Cowryd, the jointure house belonging to the estate. Thus there were two centres of work at Dolobran in addition to the meeting in Richard Davies' house at Cloddie Cocchian, and that kept up by the Friends in Welshpool Gaol, to which, since the severity of their gaolers had relaxed, outsiders from the town were allowed to go.

[1] The Vicar of Meifod was seated at his desk one morning writing busily. He was preparing the title page for a bulky tract that he had just finished in hopes of arresting the progress of dissent amongst his congregation. "*A Tryall of the Spirits*," he wrote, "or a discovery of false prophets and a caveat to beware of them, wherein is discovered, by the light of God's Word, expounded by antiquity, that several doctrines of the Papists, Presbyterians, Independents and Quakers are disagreeable to the Holy Scripture and carefully to be avoided by every man that loves the salvation of his soul. *Pro Ecclesia clamitant, et contra Ecclesiam dimicant. Cypr.*"

The false prophets were, indeed, making serious inroads on his flock. Parson Davies had his fine old church, pointing back in its noble proportions to the early days of Christianity in England, when Meifod was a great missionary centre, but where now was the congregation? Scattered amongst these wretched dissenting chapels or listening to young Tom Lloyd's dissertations. The Vicar groaned as he remembered the empty pews that had confronted him on the previous Sunday. "And

[1] See *Montgomeryshire Worthies*, p. 43.

to think of Mistress Griffith," he murmured, "Mary's own sister." Mary was Parson Davies' wife, and she had told him that on her way to church that morning she had met her sister actually taking the road to the Quaker meeting at Coed Cowryd. "I hope you rated her soundly," said the Vicar. "Not I," said his better half, "I leave that to you, sir, but I said, 'if you *had grace*, dear sister, you would come with me.'" "And what did she say for herself?" he queried. "Why the graceless woman answered me with my own words, 'If *thou* hadst grace, *thou* wouldst come with *me*.' I doubt she is lost to the Church, Randolph."

The leaven kept on spreading, and ere long the minister's daughter, Prudence, was absent from church, and upon inquiry made it appeared that she had been with her aunt to Coed Cowryd. Great was her father's anger, and indeed we cannot wonder, but Prudence was firm. The words she had heard at the Quaker meeting had reached to the need of her soul, and henceforth the pews of Meifod knew her no more. In her father's will he left to his daughter Prudence "£30 and one heifer on condition she shall forsake the Quaker's meetings and resort constantly to some parish church for divine service and the participation of the blessed sacrament of the Lord's Supper," but if not, then "she shall have only one shilling paid to her by my executor." It was the old contest between the religion that looks for divine grace through the channels of duly authorized rites and ceremonies only, and the teaching that calls the

soul to direct communion with the Author of its being.

When Thomas Lloyd announced himself as a Quaker his professional connection with Dr. Pryce had been put an end to. Dr. Pryce was a strict Churchman, closely connected with Sir Matthew Pryce, and Tom, of course, lost the favourable introduction among the county families that had been opening to him. But he still had some practice, chiefly among the poor and wretched. His kindness to the fever-stricken prisoners in the gaol had been talked of in the town, and his fame as a doctor was spreading there as well as amongst his own poorer neighbours at Dolobran. He was well satisfied that it should be so, for he had the true physician's passion for relieving suffering. The spiritual experiences through which he had been passing had deepened and widened his own knowledge of pain and sorrow, and had given him the unselfish outlook which instead of brooding upon its own troubles is quick to perceive the sorrow of others, and rejoices to give itself for its alleviation. The loss in his professional prospects seemed as nothing compared with the gulf which had opened up between him and the girl of his choice. He had faced the possibility of this in his surrender of himself to the Lord, but none the less did it give him pain, and none the less fervently did he pray that some right way might open to bring them together again. He did not fail to hear through Morgan Jones of John Pugh's suit for Mary's hand, and though as time went by he knew that it had been unsuccessful, yet he had no doubt that

other matrimonial plans would be made by her parents. It was hard for him to stand aside and do nothing, but as yet he saw no light on any action; but always her bright face was enshrined in his heart, and though for the present she seemed far removed, yet in his prayers he could still commend her to God's grace, and encircle her with tender, chivalrous thoughts.

So the months passed for Tom; he was still out of prison, free to work and preach, but the spring of 1664 brought the hateful Conventicle Act, with stronger pressure upon dissent everywhere, that quickly made itself felt in Wales.

The provisions of the Act were such that all the Justices in England had their work cut out for them if it was to be enforced. No assembly of more than five persons was lawful except those of the Established Church, and all attending such conventicles should by rights be arrested and fined or imprisoned.

[1] One Sunday morning in the summer of 1664 there was a stir in the Welshpool prison. Councillor Thomas Corbet, with the two town bailiffs, the sergeants-at-mace and the under-officers, had all come there together when the Friends were holding their usual meeting for divine worship. They found several persons from the town present, among others Richard Davies and his wife, and Thomas Lloyd. The meeting was broken up as an unlawful conventicle, and Richard Davies was committed to the care of one sergeant and Thomas Lloyd and another Friend to the other. Councillor Corbet, being a humane man with private leanings

[1] See Journal of Richard Davies, pp. 59–61.

COED COWRYD

From a Photograph taken 1882

of his own towards the Friends, did not arrest the others as he might easily have done, but dismissed them with a few words of warning. This was Tom's first imprisonment, and it proved a very light one, for they were only detained two days and then brought up before Justice Corbet, who told them that if they would attend the service at church the following Sunday they should be set at liberty. "But," said Richard Davies, "when last I was at your church they turned me out, and if I should make any promise to go again it may be they would do the like by me again." "Nay, sir," quoth Justice Corbet, "I'll engage they shall not turn you out." "I know nothing to the contrary," then said the prisoner in his cautious way, "but that I will be there." At this the two bailiffs exchanged glances, and then one of them stepped forward and said, "Please, your worship, do you think the old fox will come to church except it be to disturb the minister?"

"Will you disturb the minister, Mr. Davies?" asked the Justice.

Richard Davies answered, "If God should put something in my heart to speak to the people, I hope you would not impose upon me to hold my peace."

"God forbid that we should do so," said Justice Corbet, and with that he discharged all the prisoners, Thomas Lloyd and the other without any conditions, and Richard Davies under the promise of attending service the next Sunday.

Sunday came, and the bells were ringing for church. Richard Davies, with his Bible under his

arm, stepped around to Justice Corbet's to let him know that he was about to carry out his obligation. Thomas Lloyd and the other Friend had also decided to go with him, though they were under no bonds in the matter. The action of the Justice had been much talked of in the town, and the people were thronging to church curious to see the encounter between their Parson and the "old Quaker" as they called Richard Davies. But the Rev. William Langford was not at church that morning; only the curate appeared to read the prayers and service. When he had finished, Richard Davies rose and spoke as follows, the people listening very attentively:

I suppose you are not ignorant of the cause of our coming here this day, which was thus: the magistrates of the town came to our meeting, and they found us upon our knees praying to Almighty God. They were civil while we were at prayer, and when we had done they took our names and committed us three to prison; most of the rest that were at the meeting were prisoners before. And the magistrates told us, if we would come to church we should be discharged, and now you see we are come according to their desire. But I find that your priest is not here, and now I would have you inform him that I say:

1. If he proves this to be the true Church of Christ;
2. And that he is a true minister of Christ;
3. And that his maintenance is a gospel maintenance;
4. And this worship of yours to be the true worship of God;

then we will be of your religion, and come again to you.

But if he proves not this, then we must conclude:

1. Your Church to be a false Church;
2. And he to be no true minister of Christ;
3. That his maintenance is no gospel maintenance;
4. That your worship is not the true worship of God.

Richard Davies went on to speak earnestly of

what he considered to be the true worship, and how Jesus Christ has opened the way through the veil into the holy place so that all may draw near without the intervention of any earthly priest or ordinance, and each may commune for himself with his God. He supported his position by quotations from the Bible which he carried, and when at length he took his seat it was amidst perfect silence.

Then Mary Jones, sitting beside her father in their own pew, felt her heart beat fast as Thomas Lloyd stood up, and turning half around to the congregation, began in a clear, pleasant voice :

Neighbours and friends, I have come here to-day to bear my witness to the truth of what Richard Davies has said. God who created man, has made us for Himself, and all of us are restless until we come home to Him who is calling us. I sought Him once myself in outward forms and ceremonies set up in the wisdom of men as the commands of Christ, howbeit they cannot prove that He did command them, and I could not find Him therein. I was weary and lonely, uncertain where to go and what to do, but when I did give heed to Him that was speaking in my heart and did yield myself to His love, oh, then I found that His everlasting arms did receive me even according to the promise of the Lord, " Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and then I did begin to know in an inward experience what is that true baptism and communion of the Lord. I thank Him that to-day I can speak to some of you that are weary with your seeking and bid you be of good cheer. Doubt not the word that speaketh in your heart, for it is of God. He is calling you to repent of your sins and to give yourselves up to Him. " He hath sought you before ever you did set out to seek for Him. He sought you when He sent His son into the World, and now He is still seeking you by His Holy Spirit in your hearts. Fear not to follow His guidance, for it is true, even as He said ' I am the light of the world ; he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.' "

The people streamed out into the churchyard, talking eagerly amongst themselves. "That was a rare poser for Parson," said one. "Let Mr. Langford prove that this be the true Church of Christ, and that his maintenance be the true gospel maintenance else we will pay him no more tithes, for, mark you, what Richard Davies said he proved out of the Bible, for you see he had the Bible in his hand all the time."

Mary and her father walked home in silence. He was vexed with Mr. Langford for not coming to church, vexed with himself that he had come and brought Mary, thus giving her the opportunity of hearing the doctrines of the Church called in question, and worst of all of hearing Thomas Lloyd speak. "What a fool I was," he said to himself, "but who could have thought the Parson would turn tail in such a fashion? Now hath he given occasion to the Quakers to say that he feareth them. And now will the leaven of their cursed heresies spread more and more. And that I should myself have taken Mollie to listen to their testifyings. How the child did flush and pale when the chirurgeon was speaking. 'Tis certain that he did work mightily upon her. In truth, 'tis a comely youth and a pleasant spoken, but the devil doth ever disguise himself as an angel of light."

Some of these cogitations he shared with his wife on their arrival at Traeth, and both agreed that Mary must by no means go again to church till all danger of such another encounter was over.

At the noonday meal Mollie tremblingly opened

the subject. "What did you think of Mr. Davies' questions, Father? Think you that Parson Langford can answer them?"

"Doubtless he could answer them, daughter, an 'twere worth his while to notice such nonsense. 'Tis not like that he will give it his attention," said Gilbert Jones loftily.

"But, Father, meseemeth he ought to answer them. I would fain hear him prove our Church to be the true Church of Christ, for look you, sir, Mr. Davies saith that if he prove so, then will the Quakers return to the Church, and so should all these troubles be ended. But tell me, Father, is our Church the same as the Church of Christ and His Apostles?"

"These be questions for the Bishop and priests, Mollie, and not for young maids like thee. Mind thy catechism, child, and thy Prayer Book. 'Tis ill work when women begin to argue Church politics."

But as we have seen, Gilbert Jones was far from satisfied himself with the morning's work, and when the time arrived for evening service he went off alone to see what the sequel would be. That night in the privacy of their own room he told his wife what had happened. "Parson Langford was there this time," he said, "and the Quakers were there, too, and when the Parson had ended, for he did preach a long discourse, though nothing methought to the matter in hand, then did the old Quaker stand upon the seat in the pew and put forth his queries to him, the same that he gave this morning, and what think you, Hannah, instead

of giving a civil answer, Parson Langford did turn his back squarely on them and walked straight out of church. Then Master Davies crieth out, 'Behold, the hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling,' and afterwards the people were murmuring and complaining because he would not prove us to be the true Church of Christ. I fear me it is a bad business, and will do much to strengthen the hands of the Quakers. These priests be over proud, for though Richard Davies is but a haberdasher of hats, yet Tom Lloyd at least is a gentleman, and as Mollie sayeth, meseemeth the question was a fair one. I myself would fain hear him answer it."

It was agreed that since Parson Langford had behaved in so unsatisfactory a manner, nothing should be said of it to Mary, her father showing himself morbidly fearful of letting her hear anything that seemed like a slur on the Church.

But Mollie's old nurse had also been to church and had come home full of the news, and had told her besides how after the Parson and some of the people were gone, Richard Davies had preached in the churchyard to all who were willing to stay, and had told them that the true Church consisted of all those who loved the Lord by whatever name they might be called among men, and that the true ministers were not man made priests that preached for money (he called them hirelings, I fear, and denounced them strongly) but such as were called and qualified by the Lord to be put in trust with the Gospel. He told them that Peter and James and John were not learned men, but such as had

learned of Christ, and he dwelt much on the words of our Lord, "Freely ye have received, freely give."

All this put many new thoughts into Mollie's head, and served to shake her faith in the Rev. William Langford and his teachings. Thomas Lloyd's words had moved her more deeply still. She could not discuss them even with her father, but she felt as if they had been spoken directly to her. "He answered my question," she thought; "he said he had trusted himself to those inward teachings and had found them true." Mary Jones had a simple, child-like heart. She had followed the best she knew, and was in the right line of progress. It needed no mighty cataclysm to bring her to the truth. She began to search her Bible more earnestly and to wait upon the Lord daily in her own little room, and very soon the light broke in upon her soul, and she learned for herself the blessed secret of feeding upon the bread of life. When the next Communion Sunday came and she went with her parents to church, suddenly and unexpectedly a veil seemed taken from her eyes, and she saw that the outward bread and wine was but an empty form, and realized that she had herself received the inward reality quite independently of it.

Gilbert Jones was startled that afternoon when his daughter, who in his eyes seemed still but a child, informed him that henceforth she could have nought to do with the Church and its ritual. She made her confession in a simple, straightforward manner, free alike from nervous fear and from

self-righteous dogmatism, that disarmed his anger, though he was appalled at the thought of all the perils that awaited her. He thought she did not realize what she was doing, and tried to make her comprehend the certain consequences of her position, but she met all his arguments with a quiet, bright courage that silenced them. "I suppose I *am* a Quaker, Father," she said, "and it may be there be sufferings in store. But, Father, Christ is so precious to my soul that I marvel how little the thought of them moveth me. Dearest Father, I would that thou and Mother and all could know the blessedness of this inward working of the Lord. It hath wrought in my heart for a great while, yet till to-day I knew not clearly what it did portend."

Now Gilbert Jones might have flown into a rage and turned his daughter out of doors. Such things were not unfrequent, but in his case there had been influences at work that prevented such a *dénouement.* He had never been quite the same since his severe illness in the previous summer. He had then been very near the other world, and had seen himself in the light of eternity. There had been a special bond of love between him and his little daughter ever since that time, the fruit of her devotion to him. Then also his intercourse with Dr. Lloyd had not been without result, and lastly his own confidence in the Church had been shaken by Mr. Langford's failure to answer the questions of the Quakers. All these things had influenced him probably more than he was aware, and though he was not prepared to follow his daughter to the

extent of avowing himself a Quaker, yet to Mary's great surprise he received her confession quietly, and in reply to her little appeal only kissed her fondly and said, "Well, thou must pray for thy old father, Mollie. I am no saint, yet would I gladly know the blessedness of which thou speakest."

CHAPTER XIX

A YOUNG PRODIGAL

MARY'S change of faith was not the only trouble that was pressing on Gilbert Jones at this time. His son was giving him anxiety also, though in a very different way. Morgan had finished his Oxford course with a fair amount of credit, though without any special distinction, and no sooner were his studies completed than he had set off to London to seek out his cousin, John Pugh, and throw himself heart and soul into the pleasures of the town.

Morgan's first letters were full of the wonders of London. He told of John Pugh's fine clothes and horses, of the plays he had seen, of the Park and the river, and how cousin John had taken him to Whitehall and introduced him to many gentlemen of the highest breeding. Presently, however, came a letter at which Gilbert Jones looked grave and shook his head. He said nothing to Mary, but he told his wife that Morgan had already spent the money that had been allotted for the whole visit.

"The boy must needs prank it in fine clothes with the other young sparks. He saith they cost him twice as much as he did expect. Well,

Hannah, boys will be boys, and of course our son should be in the mode. I would not have him shame his cousin John. I'll send him the money he asketh for and ten guineas to boot. He is our only son, and 'tis his first sight of London." So the money was sent, and with it a hearty letter bidding the boy enjoy himself and do credit to his family ; but if Gilbert Jones could have looked in upon Morgan when he received it, he might have doubted the wisdom of his generous act.

It was a small dark room in a narrow street off the Strand which John Pugh had secured as a lodging for his young kinsman, and here upon a dingy bed he was lying, sleeping off the effects of a carouse. The jovial friends, not much less tipsy than himself, who had guided him to his lodging, had induced him to pull off his fine coat before throwing himself upon the bed, but he had on the rest of the modish suit that had cost so many guineas. It was already stained with wine and at present splashed with mud in many places, so that it looked neither new nor handsome, and the whole apartment had a squalid and untidy look that accorded well with its tenant.

John Pugh, carrying the letter which he had come to bring, knocked more than once upon the door, but getting no answer he opened it and entered the room. Whether he noticed the close air that reeked with the fumes of liquor and the odour of the candle that had guttered down into its socket and burned itself out is uncertain. Our ancestors were not over particular as to such matters, but at any rate his face assumed an expression of disgust as

he looked at the sleeping boy. He was a fairly hardened sinner himself, yet he still had moments when sin looked hideous.

It was in such a moment that he had turned his back on London the year before and gone home to Wales. That half conscious effort at reformation had failed, and after his disappointment with Mary he had flung himself again into the old round of dissipation ; but now Morgan's face, with its stupid, sleepy leer, had yet an uncanny likeness to Mary's fresh beauty. John Pugh rapped out a quick oath at the sight, then he walked up to Morgan and shook him roughly by the arm. " Come, get up," he said. " Art too young to be sleeping at midday. Here's news from Wales for thee ; come, open thy mails, and let me hear how it is faring with that unmannerly sister of thine." Thus aroused, Morgan too began to swear as he slowly got upon his feet.

" Can't you let a fellow be," he grumbled. " If these be your manners to your clients I'll not come under your roof again." Then suddenly recognizing his cousin John he looked helplessly around and became aware that he was in his own room.

" Why, cousin, I did but look in in passing to bring you this packet which was sent to you at my address. Dost take me for the landlord of the Jolly Mermaid ? " Morgan was now full of apologies, yet his head ached badly, and he felt so mortified at the plight in which he had been found that he heartily wished John Pugh anywhere else. To cover his confusion he opened his packet, but quickly refolded it and pushed it into his breeches

pocket on catching the gleam of gold. "Nay, man, not so quick; hast forgot thy debts as well as thy whereabouts?" said the young squire with a loud laugh. "Dost think that I have naught to do but to fetch and carry for thee. I did but come now with thy packet because methought it smelt of gold, and 'tis ever best for young gentlemen to pay their debts when fortune smiles upon them. Open thy package. I'll not keep thee from the news of home. Just let us settle that little affair, and I'll be off and leave thee to thy letters."

So Morgan was fain to open his mails and hand over several guineas to John Pugh in payment of a gambling debt which he had incurred some days previously. Having accomplished this and hastily glanced through his letter, he turned again to his cousin, and said with an attempt at bravado: "Well, cousin, I will e'en bid you goodbye then and thank you for your entertainment of me in London. I do find myself compelled to bid adieu to town. Hast any message for Montgomeryshire?"

"But what's your haste, boy?" said John Pugh with another oath. Indeed, there was a plentiful sprinkling of these little ornaments through the whole conversation. In those days it was deemed a sign of a man of breeding to use them almost at every other word, and the more profane, the more in the fashion were they.

"Haste?" said Morgan, "'tis fortune compels me. Troth and I have no wish to go. Here's my father, good man, in his innocence knows no more of the necessities of a young gentleman in town than a new-born babe. He hath sent me barely sufficient

to pay my debts and to carry me home in a stage wagon, and the joke is, he sendeth his blessing with it and tells me to go and prank it with the best. So there's no remedy you see, cousin. I must betake myself to the joys of Poole as quickly as may be."

"'Tis thou that art the innocent to my thinking," returned John Pugh, when Morgan, with a lugubrious countenance, had ended this speech. "Be there no means by which a lad of spirit may live in London town but he must run whining to his mother as soon as his purse is empty?"

"What means?" said Morgan blankly. "I have not studied law or physic, you know, and I must tell you, cousin, that I am no great student, nor do I desire to return to work just as I have said goodbye to it."

"Nay, boy, I know thy build too well to think it," laughed John Pugh. "Never fear, we will ask no work from thee, but there be ways," and he nodded sagely.

"What mean you?" again asked Morgan doubtfully.

"I mean, that instead of spending thy guineas in forsaking the town, thou shouldst pluck up heart of grace and try thy fortunes again with the cards. Thou wert unlucky the first time; 'tis a sure omen of success in the long run. Nay, to prove that I am thy friend I'll show thee a trick or two that is not cheating but only wit. See here," and seating himself at the table, he pulled a pack of cards from his pocket and began to cut and shuffle and place them in various combinations, explaining rapidly as he did so the purpose of each, whilst Morgan

leaned over his shoulder trying with all his might to grasp his explanations, interrupting him by questions and evidently greatly interested.

At last John Pugh jumped up. "I forget my business," he cried. "I must be off at once. Come to me to-night at my house; I have Tom Blaney and Harry Herbert and one or two more to dine with me. I'll introduce thee as my little cousin from home, and we'll play low for thy sake. Thou shan't be a loser to-night at all rates, so pluck up heart, boy, and think no more of Wales."

Left to himself, Morgan sought to follow this advice. He did take the precaution of paying his landlady, for truth to tell she had been making things somewhat unpleasant for him lately. Having done this and so re-established his credit in that important quarter, he tidied up his general appearance as much as possible and presented himself at his cousin's house at the early dinner hour of that day, a very different looking creature from what he had been in the morning. John Pugh introduced him to his smart friends, Harry Herbert, younger brother of Lord Edward, a stout, fresh complexioned man of five and twenty; Tom Blaney, a roistering captain of the King's guard, and a third, a dark-faced youth with a very satirical smile who was named to Morgan as George Deveureux. The conversation at dinner was largely unintelligible to Morgan, though his cousin politely tried to include him in it. It was about horses and racing, also the ladies of the Court with whom it seemed these gentlemen were huge favourites. Something was said, too, about the war with Holland, but chiefly in regard to what pickings

might be hoped for by the courtiers from the large sums voted by Parliament for the fitting out of the fleet. Captain Blaney waxed especially eloquent on this topic. Meantime George Deveureux had fixed his weary eyes on Morgan's face with a sort of insolent stare which worried him a good deal. Deveureux had seen many a bright, fresh boy swallowed up in the vortex of vicious pleasure which he and his seasoned comrades knew so well. He was wondering lazily why Jack Pugh had brought Morgan to their circle. Surely it were pity to spoil another young life. Yet if Jack did not care, why should he? There was plenty of wine consumed along with the dinner, and as the meal progressed the laugh grew louder and the talk even more ribald.

By the time the cards were called for Morgan was past all thought of caution, but his cousin had no intention of deserting him at present, so he kept his promise of insisting upon low stakes, and moreover took Morgan for his partner in the game. His idea was solely to let him win enough to meet his present necessities, and to give him at the same time experience that might enable him to hold his own or even to make his way on his own account afterwards. So that night the lad went home not much soberer than the previous evening, but richer by ten guineas and some steps further advanced on the downward road.

His family connection with the wealthy and dissipated John Pugh was a decided misfortune to Morgan, for it introduced him into the circle of worthless courtiers, and effectually banished all

thought of honest work. The novelty of new scenes which at first had interested him quickly wore off, for his companions cared more for betting and gambling and other still more degrading pleasures than for any interest in the buildings or sights of London.

It is not our purpose to follow him further into his unclean atmosphere ; suffice it to say that whilst Thomas Lloyd was earnestly seeking to spread the glad tidings which had brought joy to his own soul, and Mary in her home was striving to glorify her new found Saviour, whilst prelates and Presbyterians were wrangling, whilst men in the Navy Office were striving to get the fleet into trim to go against the Dutch and at the same time to line their own pockets with gold, Morgan Jones was caught in the vicious whirlpool of the Court, which with the King at its head seemed to be recklessly doing its best to ruin itself and the heedless youths who came under its influence.

CHAPTER XX

A QUAKER COURTING

NEWS of his son's wild doings reached Gilbert Jones from time to time, and did not tend to lighten the atmosphere of the Welshpool home. In fact, what with his rheumatism and his fears on account of Mary's heresies on the one hand, and Morgan's follies on the other, Gilbert Jones might be pardoned if his temper were sometimes testy and rough, yet Mary was still in reality the light and joy of his heart. A casual observer might not have seen much change in her, for she simply sought to live out in a round of homely duties cheerfully performed, the new hope that had come to her. She did not have a call to convert the Pope or the Grand Turk, as some Quaker women had had, yet all the same she was faithful to the inward voice, not stopping to reason about hard or easy, but simply striving to obey to the best of her ability.

Her father would not consent to her attending the meeting at the Gaol. There was always the possibility of imprisonment for every person who attended a nonconformist meeting, but to go to one held in the Gaol itself seemed in a manner forestalling the penalty. "If thou must go to their worship," he told her, "thou canst go to the

meeting in Richard Davies' house at Cloddiau Cocchian."

Old laws that had disgraced a ruder day were still on the English Statute Book at this time. For instance, the 27th of Henry VII, ch. 20 "*De Haretico comburendo*," for the burning of heretics, and many others of Elizabeth and James I. By these any person who failed to attend service at the parish church was liable to be presented by the Grand Jury and fined £20 per month *or* to be proceeded against by the statute *De excommunicato capiendo*, with imprisonment of the excommunicated person, *or* by *forfeiture of two-thirds of the person's estate*. For attending a nonconformist meeting where more than five persons were present, one was liable to be proceeded against under the recent Conventicle Act, which imposed fines, imprisonment, and even transportation according to the temper of the judge. Fines of £20 for the first offence, £40 for the second, and banishment from the country under pain of death might be imposed for preaching in such a meeting ; and for refusing to take the oath of allegiance there was the punishment under which Charles Lloyd had already lain in prison for two years, the dreaded *premunire*.

In accordance with her father's wishes, Mary went to meeting at Cloddiau Cocchian, and for a time Thomas Lloyd, absorbed in his work at Dolobran, knew nothing of the change that had taken place in her. He had not failed to see her that day at the parish church. Indeed, her face had so drawn him that to himself it had seemed that he was speaking only to her, and every day

he prayed for her with loving thoughts. Yet he had felt no opening as yet to go to her, and he was waiting to be shown the right time to move in the matter.

At length one Sunday morning, having gone to meeting at Cloddiau Cocchian, to his great surprise Mary Jones came in attended by a serving man. I do not think that Thomas Lloyd felt that the unexpected meeting with his beloved in the place of prayer was an interruption to his worship. He had so long accustomed himself to think of her in relation to his duty towards the Lord that his feeling now was simply one of gladness and gratitude for answered prayer and of desire to be directed in all his further conduct towards her.

As for Mary, she had not seen her lover for many months. "Her lover?" What ground had she to think of him as her lover? John Pugh had, as she knew, gone off to London and straightway married a lady of fashion; why might not Thomas Lloyd have also solaced himself with another love? For aught she knew he might be engaged at this moment to some Quaker damsel. Mary caught her breath at the notion, and then chid herself sharply for wandering thoughts and strove to fix her mind upon more suitable objects. I can at least pray for him, she thought, and then she, too, found solace in committing herself and him in faith to the disposal of the Heavenly Father. So the hour of meeting passed and at the proper time the Friends in the facing seats shook hands and the worshippers passed out into the spring sunshine.

There had been no interruption of the meeting,

but here in the lane that leads to Welshpool were some rough-looking half-grown boys and two or three evil scowling men, apparently waiting for its breaking up. The Friends who came out first were hailed with scornful cries of "Quaker! Quaker!" and then one of the men walked boldly up to Mary Jones and asked her name. They were informers, members of that hated brood who made a living by the misfortunes of their neighbours, the law giving them a share in the fines and forfeits that were imposed.

Thomas Lloyd was a few steps behind, having stopped to exchange greetings with some of the Friends, but he had kept his eye on Mary throughout, and now came to her help. "Here, take my name, if ye will, and meddle not with the women," he said, stepping between the informers and their prey. "Where is your warrant?" he continued, noticing that the informer looked confused. In truth the men were taken aback at finding Thomas Lloyd at the meeting. They had counted on the absence of Richard Davies and on finding only women and some of the poorer sort of tradesmen and artisans.

Thomas Lloyd was becoming well known as a doctor in Welshpool, and most of the Justices were his friends. So now the man backed down, and even muttered some sort of apology, for what he termed their mistake. "Truly it is a mistake," said Thomas. "I know thee, John ap David, and let me tell thee, this business of thine is all through a mistake. 'Twill never prosper. If thou persistest in it 'twill be the ruin of thy wife and children."

The informer and his friends slunk away and Thomas Lloyd immediately turned to Mary and asked permission to ride beside her for protection. She did not say no to this, for indeed this, her first experience of the kind, had left her somewhat shaken.

They rode in silence for a while, and then Thomas Lloyd said, "I am sorry they were so rude; 'tis not often they disturb us. Was it thy first attendance at the meeting?"

"Oh, no," said Mary, "I have been there many times of late. I must tell thee," she added shyly, "that I am become a Friend now."

Thomas leaned towards her from his saddle, his whole face glowing with joyful surprise. "And thy father? Doth he suffer it?" "Dear Father hath been most gentle and loving," said Mary. "He doth not see the truth as I see it, yet hath he put no obstacle in my way. My mother also hath consented that I should follow my conscience. 'Tis hard for them, for they must go to their church alone; they have no other daughter."

"Yes, 'tis hard," assented Tom, but I fear he was thinking more of himself and Mary than of the grief of Mary's parents. Then in a voice that trembled with feeling, he went on: "Belike what I would say will seem sudden to thee; yet, sweetheart, it hath been in my thought these twelve months past, and I do believe the Lord hath laid it upon me. I love thee, Mary, and I would fain have thee to wife. I would not ask thee to cast in thy lot with me when I did think that we could not be joined in best things, for a Quaker is a marked

man, thou knowest, and I cannot promise thee money or a home or even that I myself shall be out of prison from day to day. They have spared me so far, but 'tis not to be depended on ; but now art thou in the same peril, and I see not how thy marrying with me can be of detriment to thee." He leaned towards her again and looked down with hungry, eager eyes at the face of which he had dreamed for so many months with scarce a hope of such an hour as this.

The statement of his love had been simple and straightforward, unadorned with any of the fine speeches of her courtly lover, but it had gone to Mary's heart as John Pugh's words never had, and she smiled up at him with a loving trust that made other answer unnecessary. Yet he had his verbal answer too, as Mary said in her clear tones: " If my father be willing, I will be thy wife, and if danger come we will meet it together in the strength of the Lord." And the two members of the despised sect rode on side by side, oblivious to all save the heaven on earth of their own God-given love.

Gilbert Jones was on the look-out when they reached Traeth. He was always uneasy when Mary went to meeting, but now as he recognized the black horse and noted the shining faces of the two riders he knew that another peril than the one he dreaded had befallen. His greeting to the young man was stiff and cold, but Mary said : " Father, there was an informer at the meeting, and he would have taken my name, but Dr. Lloyd did prevent his rudeness, and now would he fain have speech with thee,

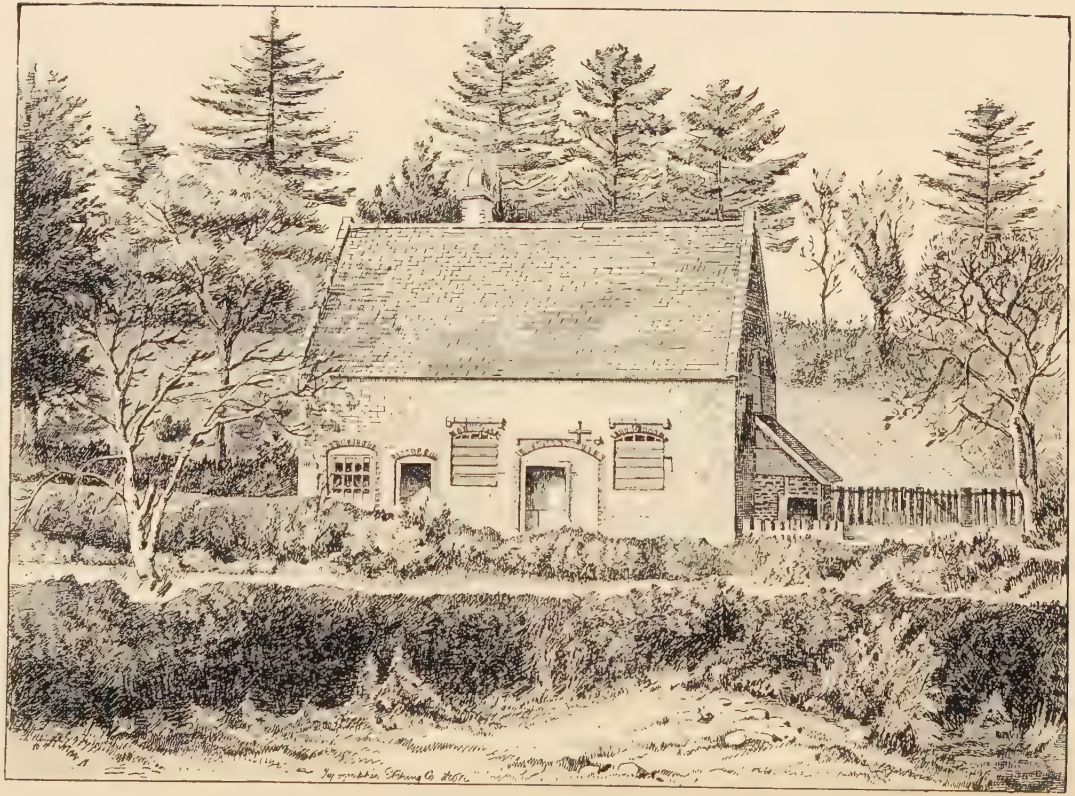
Father," she added, the pretty peach-like bloom on her cheek flushing deeper. "Hey dey, Mistress," said her father. "Wilt give me a Quaker son-in-law as well as a Quaker daughter? 'Tis a serious matter, sir," he said, turning to Tom, "and meseemeth you should have craved permission from me ere you did address the maiden."

"I know 'tis a great thing I am asking thee, Gilbert Jones, and it grieves me that I cannot promise what looks like a proper provision for thy daughter. Thou knowest the laws as they deal with those that conform not to your Church. My brother hath lain in prison these two years. His property is forfeit to the Crown, and most of the incomings are gathered in by their collectors. I have somewhat of my own from my mother, and I do think that with the blessing of the Lord on my endeavours as a chirurgeon I can give my wife all fitting comforts, but as things are I can promise naught certainly save the heart love of an honest man."

"Worldly gear is not all, Father," put in Mary, nestling up to her father's side and whispering to him. "I have told Dr. Lloyd that I will be his wife if thou and Mother approve."

"Well, sir," said Gilbert Jones, "I like you well as a man, yet 'tis an evil day for a loyal Churchman like me when he must give his only daughter to a Quaker. Yet since the maid herself hath cast in her lot with your people, I trow she must e'en take her own wilful way in this matter also."

How much of Gilbert Jones's surrender was due to his love for Mollie and how much to his liking



FRIENDS' MEETING-HOUSE, DOLOBRAN

for Tom I cannot tell ; certain it is that though the fact of his prospective son-in-law's religious views was a drawback in the eyes of the world, yet he could not have wished for a better, more trustworthy young fellow to confide her to. Thomas Lloyd was thoughtful and intelligent beyond the average ; he was also of a most lovable disposition, polite with that true politeness that consists in appreciation of the feelings of others, considerate and unselfish as only a true follower of Christ can be. And Mary was worthy of him. In fact, their union was so fitting and beautiful that none who saw them together could doubt that theirs was a marriage that had been made in heaven, and one feels a fresh touch of faith in humanity when one realizes that it was in the dark, godless days of 1665, the black year of the great plague, when even men not specially virtuous themselves saw the finger of Providence in the horrors that were falling upon the nation. It was then that these two lovers plighted their troth, praising God for His wonderful goodness to them.

But some months elapsed before the engagement could be consummated, for though Tom could see no reason for waiting, Mary's parents, and especially her mother, were of a different opinion. They clung to their daughter, and realized now that she was going how much they would miss her bright presence in their home. Then, too, there must be a wedding outfit, for, said Mistress Jones, "even Quakers have some furnishings, be they ever so plain." So the serving-maids were kept busy at their needles, and there was getting out and cutting up of snowy homespun linen and damask.

A journey to Shrewsbury was undertaken, with Thomas, on black Merlin, to ride by the family coach as an escort. There was no visit to Knockyn this time, for time was precious, and they must take the most direct road, and besides, Thomas Stanley was still feeling sore over Tom's defection to the Quakers. One long summer day between sunrise and darkness must suffice for the journey, and for all the business that was to be accomplished too, and it was a weary party, too tired almost for speech that the coach carried homewards at nightfall.

They were descending a steep hill when their coachman uttered a cry and tried to check his horses. Thomas Lloyd rode quickly to their heads and caught them by the bridles. The coach was brought to a standstill and the wheels were blocked with stones, whilst Mary and her mother looked out anxiously to know the cause of the stoppage.

"There is something sorely amiss down yonder," Dr. Lloyd told them at the carriage window, pointing to a spot at the foot of the hill where over-arching trees made the twilight shadows deeper. "'Tis either highwaymen or a breakdown. I will ride forward and inquire, and come again and let you know." He was gone some time, whilst they waited impatiently, and when he came his face was white and awestruck. "'Tis my brother Jack from London, with his wife," he said, "but there is sudden sickness in their company and they are stopped there by the wayside. I think 'tis the Lord hath sent me to their relief." He said nothing of the plague, for there was no need. The moment he spoke of London, Mistress Jones had

concluded that there was fear of contagion, and now she shrank to the farthest corner of the coach and asked for nothing better than that Dr. Lloyd should keep as far from them as he could. This he was anxious to do, and with a few parting words to Mary and orders to the coachman to deliver a note which he had written on a scrap of paper to a trusty Quaker friend of his at Cloddiau Cocchian, whose house they would pass, he t ld him to go back to the nearest cross road and then drive around by a longer way to avoid passing the infected party.

CHAPTER XXI

THE GREAT PLAGUE

THE way seemed dark and lonely indeed to the two ladies as they travelled those last tedious miles. Mary's heart was full of natural fears for the safety of her betrothed. He said no word of the danger to himself, and she knew that as a doctor he was simply fulfilling an obvious duty, and she exulted in the thought that he could be of use and comfort, but none the less was she anxious for his own safety. How quickly had the black shadow fallen across their sunny path ; yet this was only what thousands were suffering and fearing in London town. At the thought of London she remembered Morgan. Anxiety as to his welfare had been hanging over the family at Traeth. Why did he not come home ? Perhaps he had already started. Such thoughts thronged through her mind, yet little did she guess at the actual state of affairs, which was that her brother was there on the roadside amongst John Lloyd's company.

Through the weeks of that terrible summer Morgan had been pursuing the life of so-called pleasure, depending for his resources almost entirely upon the chances of the gaming table and upon a

credit supported by his known connection with his cousin John.

These means of livelihood were very precarious, and he was often in straits, but in one way or other wine or liquor was always forthcoming, and Morgan had drunk much to drown more sober thoughts. The passion for gaming too was increasing upon him, and he was fast becoming a confirmed drunkard and gambler.

He did not write home now, for somehow he shrank from the thought of home. His mother's letters had been full of anxious questions which he knew not how to answer. Mary had written of her engagement and her new found happiness, but her brother only thought, " Yes, now she will not care for me any more."

At first, and as long as the sickness was mostly at the other end of the town, he paid little heed to it.

It was only when all on a sudden the death bills leaped up to hundreds and then to over a thousand a week, and when the Court fled to Oxford, taking with it many of his own gay companions, that he realized the danger and went to his cousin John to consult with him as to his own movements. To his horror he had found the house shut up and marked with the fatal cross. From the watchman he learned that the master of the family, his gay, careless cousin, was already dead, and that the fashionable lady whom he had married a few months before had not waited for his death, but had fled as soon as he sickened, taking all but one of the servants with her.

The shock completely sobered Morgan Jones. How empty now seemed the pleasures in which he had been absorbed. He shuddered as he remembered the appointment he had made for that very evening. He could not possibly keep it now, yet what should he do? He was at the moment very short of funds, and once more behindhand with his rent, and he had depended on borrowing money from his cousin to enable him to leave the city.

Distracted with fear, he ran to one and another of his so-called friends, only to find that one had already gone, another was sick with the distemper, another was on the eve of departure, and had all he could do to manage his own pecuniary matters. This third one, in fact, no sooner caught sight of Morgan than he began asking for the payment of a guinea which Morgan, he said, had lost to him the week before. Morgan remembered nothing of the debt, but he knew that he had been drunk that evening and he could not, of course, prove that it was not so, so he hastily excused himself to his importunate dun, more anxious now to escape from him than he had before been to find him. Returning disconsolately to his lodgings, another shock awaited him, for that door too was tightly closed and marked with the plague sign. Without waiting to inquire further, Morgan turned and fled from the stricken city.

He left behind all his clothes and personal belongings and started on foot, and almost penniless, his one thought being to get away from the danger which now that his eyes were opened to

it, seemed suddenly to menace him on every side. Everywhere were tokens of the scourge ; death bells were tolling continually ; houses were shut up, with the plague mark on their doors ; persons walked hurriedly with handkerchiefs held to their mouths to avoid breathing polluted air ; and now and then the dreadful cry of the men in charge of the dead cart rang out as they hammered at some closed door, calling, " Bring out your dead."

Morgan hurried along, scarcely noting which way he went, and so came to the water side at the Temple Stairs, and seeing the river gleaming in the July sunshine, the thought struck him that perhaps he could get away by water to some safer place. Yet here again the lack of money perplexed him, and he was just turning away sorrowfully when a waterman, whose boat was lying at the stairs, hailed him and asked whether he was on the look-out for a job. He explained that he was in great need of a man to take the place of his partner who had that morning been carried to the pest house. " Not that you need fear any contagion, young sir," he went on, noting a change on Morgan's face, " for he had been sick two days in his own home before he was taken, and I will swear that I and my boat are clean." The thought of trying to work was quite new to our young gentleman, yet his necessity was great, and he must in some way get money before nightfall. He could row well ; the fresh breeze from the river felt pleasant ; above all, something else might come from this beginning, so he agreed to make trial of the work and was at once ordered to take charge of another boat and

pull a gentleman who was waiting near over to Southwark.

The gentleman was a man of about thirty, but his grave demeanour and plain dress made him look older. He spoke pleasantly to Morgan, and after a glance at his smooth hands and at his clothes asked him whether he was used to that way of life. Finding a friendly listener, Morgan poured out his troubles, to which the stranger listened gravely, but when he spoke of his fears of the pestilence his new friend smiled a slow smile and said : " I fear thou art not in the path of duty, for they that are there and have their hearts stayed upon the Lord need not fear for the terror that walketh by night nor for the pestilence that wasteth at noonday. Shall I tell thee my errand ? " he continued.[1] " I am going now to the White Lion Prison, in Southwark, to visit my brethren who are imprisoned there for the truth's sake. The sickness is broken out among them, and many are dying, yet are they of good cheer, and those that fall asleep do testify that the pestilence is but the messenger of the Lord to deliver them out of the hands of their cruel enemies. Ay, I tell thee, there be more than a hundred persons in Newgate Prison also that are under sentence of banishment, only for worshipping God according to their consciences, besides many others that are sentenced to fines and other punishments. The plague is broken out there too, and none can wonder that it doth prevail sorely, for they be crowded together in most inhumane

[1] See Besse's *Sufferings of the People Called Quakers*, vol. i, p. 406.

fashion, so that my heart bleeds when I behold those innocent lambs stretched upon their sick beds in those noisome holes, yet as I said anon, I know that to them to live is Christ, yet, in that state, to die is gain."

"But for thy case, young man," he went on, "I see not well how I may be of assistance to thee. 'Tis harder than ever now to leave the town, and the more so for those that have not money wherewith to pay their way. But as 'tis my main business at this time to visit such as be in affliction, I am much abroad and am often meeting with strangers and others, so give me thy name and tell me the place of thy destination. It may be I shall hear of some going thy way that will take thee with them as a servitor. Is that too mean work for thy breeding?" he went on, as Morgan winced. "No, sir, I matter not for the work," said the young man. "I am fallen pretty low already, as you see," he went on, glancing at the oars which he was pulling skilfully enough, "and 'twill be but for the journey. My name is Morgan Jones, and my father's house is called Traeth, near to the town of Poole, in Montgomeryshire."

On his return to the Temple Stairs the waterman told him that his customer was a queer Quaker fellow named George Whitehead. "He is for ever running to the prisons where the Quakers are crowded as thick as herrings," went on the man. "That's why I call him queer, for surely none would willingly run into the pestilence itself if he were not touched in the head. I don't much desire Mr. Whitehead as a passenger myself, but

there be so few abroad nowadays one cannot be too squeamish ; besides, if the pestilence come it comes, and none can escape God's hand."

With this pious observation he turned to another subject, and Morgan was presently told to row two men and a woman down to Whitechapel.

Next day as he was stopping at Blackfriars Stairs to set a passenger on shore who had been up the river as far as Putney he saw the Quaker again. He was talking to another soberly dressed man whom he addressed as Ellis. There was a great crowd at the stairs, and boats were shooting up from all directions. Catching sight of Morgan, the Quaker beckoned to him and asked whether he would carry himself and his friends to a place called Bugby's Hole, some few miles down the river. "There is evil business going forward to-day," he said, "but I am glad I have met thee, young man, for I do think the Lord has opened a way for thee to return to thy home. Row us out a little from the shore and lie to whilst they are putting the prisoners aboard." Then Morgan saw that Newgate Turnkeys were hustling a crowd of men and women into a barge that had been brought up in readiness.

It was a pale, sickly looking crowd, unwashed and unkempt, yet the weary, pathetic faces had the seal of heavenly peace and even of joy upon them. Many of them had been shut up from the fresh air and sunshine for months, and half starved as well. Now they were sentenced to the plantations for life, and for aught they knew were taking their last look at their native land. There were five and

thirty men and eighteen women, and they had been taken from a prison where already the plague was raging so fiercely that it was a menace to the surrounding neighbourhood. In spite of this, and of the fact that any one of the prisoners might be already smitten with the infection, numbers of other Quakers had come to accompany these to the ship on which they were to be transported. The prison turnkeys, who were proverbially rough and coarse, were not only cuffing and kicking the prisoners as they pushed them into the barge, but at the same time they seemed to take pleasure in hustling and jostling any of the other Quakers who came in their way and in pouring out volleys of oaths and curses upon them, whilst the Quakers took all meekly, striving to give as little cause of offence as possible.

Morgan, in the meantime, was hearing from George Whitehead of the plan he had made for him. He marvelled greatly that this man, a perfect stranger, should show so much practical interest in his affairs. The Quaker explained that he had that morning met with a Welsh gentleman from the neighbourhood of Poole who was about leaving London with his wife on account of the plague. "He is not one with us," continued George, "but his two brothers have lately joined themselves with our people, and he is himself a man of good and honourable repute. I did speak of thy matters to him, and he saith that he knoweth thy family, and is willing to show himself thy friend. He proposeth to set forward on the journey at daybreak to-morrow, and if thou art willing to go as his

servant he will be at the charges of the journey for thee. Thou must advertise him to-day of thy purpose at his house in Chancellor's Lane. 'Tis John Lloyd, the brother of our Friends, Charles and Thomas Lloyd."

Morgan had no personal acquaintance with John Lloyd, but he knew of his sister's betrothal to Thomas Lloyd, and did not much relish the thought of acting as servant to the brother of his old college friend. However, he thanked the good-natured Quaker as warmly as he could, and then turned his attention to trying to understand the meaning and movements of the crowd. The prisoners were by this time mostly on board, and the heavily loaded barge was being pulled down the river as rapidly as possible with the falling tide.

The rest of the crowd were now trying to obtain boats so as to follow their friends, and Morgan's attention was specially attracted by two persons, an old man and a sweet-looking girl who were standing rather helplessly on the wharf. Apparently George Whitehead noticed them also, for he called his friends attention to them, saying, "Look, Ellis, there be that worthy ancient, Edward Gerrard. His son, Vincent, is among the prisoners. Can we carry him in our boat? He is blind, and his daughter cannot well manage in this turmoil." Ellis agreeing to this, Morgan was told to pull in to the wharf, and George Whitehead, stepping ashore, invited the two Gerrards into the boat. The offer was gratefully accepted, and now they pulled rapidly out into the stream and followed the others.

At first Morgan was busy trying to overtake the barge containing the prisoners. As they passed the Tower a dozen or more boats, loaded with soldiers, had shot out from the landing stage and had surrounded that in which the prisoners were. The design seemed to be to keep off the friends and relatives of the prisoners. The Friends, however, had no intention of being thus excluded. They used no violence, but one and another would be continually slipping through the cordon of soldiers and drawing alongside of the barge containing their friends.

So the company held on its melancholy way, forty boats at the least crowding the surface of the river. Morgan remembered at that moment Tom Lloyd's graphic description of the water pageant on the Thames, and wondered as he thought of the difference in the two processions, for by this time he had fully gathered the object of their journey from the conversation of his passengers.

London had long since been left behind, and the sun was high in the heavens blazing down upon the dismal stretch of Bugby marshes when at last they came in sight of the dark hull and rigging of the *Black Eagle*, lying at anchor in a small cove, or water dock, surrounded by a few poor, mean sheds and cottages. The barge drew up alongside the ship, and the occupants of the other boats, eager for a last word with their friends, crowded up too, quite regardless of the soldiers who sought with the butt end of their muskets to push them away, threatening to sink them as they persisted in approaching nearer. The turnkeys shouted for

the master of the *Black Eagle* to come and receive his cargo. This man went by the euphonious name of "Fudge."

According to the testimony of the historian Besse, in his *Sufferings of the People Called Quakers* (vol. i, p. 406), he was the only shipowner who could be found willing to undertake this unsavoury job. He was a villain so hardened that he was reported to have said that "he would not stick to transport even his nearest relations." For him the turnkeys shouted, but the sailors made answer that he was not on board, having been arrested for debt and carried to the Fleet Prison. Then the constables ordered the sailors to help them in hoisting up the Quakers, for as usual in such cases they absolutely refused to move a finger to help in carrying out orders which they regarded as unrighteous. The sailors apparently were of the same mind, but the soldiers, jumping lightly on board the barge, hoisted up the prisoners by main force. "They dragged some," says Besse, "kickt and puncht others, heaved up many by the legs and arms, and so tumbled them into the ship, and in about an hour's time got all on board."

Whilst this was going on, the Friends in the small boats seized the occasion to exchange parting words with their relatives. It seemed as though they were so sustained by divine power that no tears were shed, but each commended the other to the grace of the Lord, and so parted with good courage. Morgan had been told to draw up as close as possible to the point where the prisoners were being pulled up the ship's side, and then

George Whitehead, standing up in the boat, shouted a parting word of cheer to each one as he or she was carried past. When Vincent Gerrard's turn came his blind father solemnly gave him his blessing, and the sister in quite cheerful tones wished him God speed. No one would have guessed that the two were saying a last farewell to their only earthly support and dependence.

Morgan was deeply touched. Vincent Gerrard looked to be about his own age, and was a well-built, fine looking youth, though at present the marks of suffering and imprisonment were strong upon him. Conscience was awake, and Morgan was realizing the contrast between his own evil doings and the innocent life of this other young fellow who was quietly facing banishment and death only for obeying what he felt to be God's will. Morgan looked at the sister. Intense love shone in the eyes that watched her brother, but she did not weep. She had taken her blind father's hand in hers and was softly patting it. A spark of true chivalry awoke in his heart as he thought of his own sister and remembered that she too was a Friend, and subject to the same cruel laws. But now the last prisoner had been put on board and all had been crowded down between the decks of the fated ship.

The soldiers were already pulling up stream again, and the Friends followed in their boats as quickly as the heat of the day and the adverse tide and current permitted.

At Blackfriars Steps Morgan parted from the passengers who had interested him so deeply, and

during the rest of the day he was kept busy at his oars, but his mind was at leisure to consider the problems of the future. The thought of leaving London did not somehow look as attractive as it had done in his first terrors on the previous day, neither was the prospect held out by his Quaker friend a very alluring one. On the other hand, he shrank from the thought of returning to his old companions and to his former wild ways. He felt as though his eyes had suddenly been opened to see their vileness. He was not sorry that he had had the experience as a waterman, yet the work was hard and the pay small. It would be long before he could earn enough to travel home in any way more befitting his birth. He had already seen that the business was one that would constantly expose him to the contagion ; besides, there was another thought which curiously enough weighed not a little with him. It was the thought of George Whitehead. If he continued in his present way of living he would be constantly meeting with that good man, and how could he explain to him his failure to avail himself of the opportunity his kindness had opened to him ? George Whitehead had treated Morgan with confidence, had spoken and acted as though he believed him to be actuated by good motives, and the young man felt as though he must not disappoint this confidence.

So it ended in his going to John Lloyd's house in Chancellor's Lane. John Lloyd received him kindly enough, as kindly, that is, as a prosperous and thoroughly respectable man can be expected to feel towards one who comes to ask a favour, and

who confessedly has not made a success of things. He had understood that Morgan was seeking an engagement as a servant to enable him to accomplish the long and expensive journey into Wales, and as a servant was what he himself stood in need of he made no scruple of proposing that he should fill the position, only suggesting out of deference to Morgan's family that he should be treated as an upper servant or confidential personal attendant, the other servants who were to go being the coachman and two maids to wait on Mistress Lloyd and her child. Thus things were made as easy as possible for Morgan, and he accepted the terms, and agreed to present himself betimes next morning in readiness for the early start that would be necessary.

John Lloyd's rising fortunes had been materially assisted by his marriage with the daughter of the wealthy Cornhill merchant, so the party travelled in some style, and with as many luxuries as money could place at their disposal. But money could not purchase immunity from the dreaded scourge that was devastating not London only, but many country districts throughout England as well. At Reading they found conditions almost as bad as in London, and for safety they concluded to camp in the fields outside the town. The coachman, however, who was a reckless, godless fellow, fearing, as he himself said, neither God nor devil, found opportunity to slip away in search of some amusement to while away the tedium of the evening. Morgan did not in the least mind this the first evening, for he was still under the spell of Margaret Gerrard's sweet, earnest face, and was rather glad

to be thus relieved of his rough companion, but the second night the same thing happened and the third also, and Morgan found it dull to be left alone, and began to wonder whether a game of cards might not help to pass the time.

John Lloyd and his wife seemed to be mightily taken up with their child, who was at this time barely a year old, so Morgan made up his mind to seek some better diversion for himself the next night. The party was travelling post, taking the most direct route, and not even stopping for Sunday, and the spirits of all had risen as the distance from London increased, and now in the rebound of feeling Morgan found his qualms of conscience and the gambling passion revived. He still had a crown remaining from his earnings as a waterman, so he offered his company to Giles Holdwich, the coachman, and twice he went with him to the taverns, where he would spend the evenings at cards with two or three other travellers. The stakes were, of course, low, but by skilful use of the tricks he had learned in London, Morgan contrived to double his crown, besides paying for a fair amount of strong ale.

On the second morning he waked with aching head and did not feel very fit to travel, but he contrived to pull himself together and get through his duties to John Lloyd in time for the early start which the party made, in hopes of pushing through and finishing their journey by nightfall. The coachman seemed also to have a headache, at any rate, he was gloomy and cross. Still he kept his seat and drove his horses until they were within a

few miles of home, but then of a sudden he was seized with the vertigo and nausea and intense weakness that so often accompanied the plague, and was forced to call on Morgan to take his place. John Lloyd was too humane a man to desert his servant in this extremity, and it was whilst the party was considering what to do that they were overtaken by the carriage containing Mary Jones and her mother.

Under these circumstances, Thomas Lloyd's arrival was most opportune. He went at once to examine the condition of the sick man, and, with the help of the other servant, lifted him down from the high driving seat and laid him upon his own coat on the grass by the wayside. He had not yet recognized Morgan, partly perhaps because he had had no thought of seeing him in such a connection, but besides this, the dissipated life which he had been leading for more than a year had greatly changed the young man. His face had completely lost its fresh, boyish look, and a heavy moustache in the fashion of the day hid his mouth. Besides, his features were now drawn with pain and his eyes were heavy. It was plain that the sick man was becoming rapidly worse, and Thomas Lloyd after a short examination of him turned to Morgan with a sigh. "'Tis without doubt the plague," he said, "and though 'tis the first case I have seen, I do think from all I have read that the symptoms are most severe. I will stay with this poor fellow and do what I can for him, but I trow he will not need me long. Do thou go forward with thy master to Dolobran. Canst

manage the driving?" he continued in a sharper tone, as Morgan's face showed no response to his proposition. "Stay, what have we here? Thou art sick also," for the young man staggered suddenly and would have fallen had not Dr. Lloyd caught him in his arms and laid him also down beside his comrade.

Then running to his brother he urged his immediate departure, and that he should make all speed for home. "'Tis for thy wife and child, Jack, that I counsel it. Thou must drive thyself, and hasten, brother, hasten. The night is falling, and who knoweth how soon another may be stricken. If ye can reach Dolobran they will take you in. The servants are there alone, and ye will imperil none but they. I have sent for help to the town, and I will do all I can for thy men. The younger hath a familiar look; is he of Poole?"

Then John Lloyd told him what had been carefully hidden from Mistress Lloyd, that the seeming servant was Morgan Jones. It was another blow to Thomas, but he could not stay for explanations.

The maids inside the coach were crying with fright and weariness, and now the child, roused from his slumbers, joined his voice to theirs. John Lloyd did what he could to reassure the women, and then quickly mounting the box set forward with the ponderous coach through the deepening gloom. Fortunately he knew the road, and only a few miles separated him from Dolobran. Was the chill he felt only the coolness of the evening, or was it the first symptom of the plague? What would become of his family if he were stricken? He

buttoned his riding coat more closely and urged forward the weary horses with whip and voice.

At last the twinkling lights of Poole came in sight, and turning to the north he skirted the town without entering it, and pushed on towards Dolobran. Those last four miles seemed endless, but it was over at last. The Hall was reached, and with a feeling of immense relief John Lloyd handed over his wife and child and the serving maids to the care of the Dolobran servants. That they addressed him, their master, with the "thee and thou of the Quakers" and that the men failed to remove their hats did seem very odd, but he was so glad to find a haven of safety that he did not chide them. Indeed, the strangeness of these familiar things seemed almost a natural part of the strangeness of the fright and of the hurried journey.

Owen Jenkins was determined to go to Thomas Lloyd's assistance. "He will be needing me," he said, "and if he may adventure his life for strangers, surely I may adventure mine for him that did bring the word of truth to my soul." So with the first streak of dawn Owen set forth, his saddle bags filled with all that the Dolobran housekeeper could think of as likely to prove useful.

His coming was most welcome. Some medicines and implements which Thomas had sent for the night before from Cloddiau Cochian had indeed arrived, but he had not suffered the Friend who brought them to come nearer than within speaking distance, so that he was still alone. Giles Holdwich was lying cold and passive, in a seeming stupor, with livid lips and glazing eyes, but Morgan

was in a wild delirium, and Owen heard his shouts and screams some time before he reached the party. Indeed, it was by this means that he found them, for Thomas Lloyd had made shift to drag the coachman to the shelter of a rude, forsaken hut that stood in what had once been a piece of cultivated garden some fifty yards back from the road, and then he had coaxed Morgan to his feet and guided his stumbling footsteps to the same shelter, so that after much labour he had both his patients under cover.

With the aid of wood from the grove near by and his flint and tinder he contrived also to kindle a fire, and did what he could to restore some warmth to the icy limbs of the coachman. Seeing that his efforts for him produced no result, he at last abandoned them, and when Owen came he was doing what he could for Morgan, to whom he had administered such remedies as the medical knowledge of the day prescribed and the circumstances permitted.

Morgan, as we have said, was in a raging delirium. He thought himself again in London amongst his gay companions, and Thomas Lloyd shuddered as he listened to the oaths and vile language that came from the lips of his prospective brother-in-law. Then suddenly there would be a pause, and he would begin calling in piteous terms for "Margaret," and somehow the watchers gathered that this Margaret was of a different type from those others whose names he had been using. As he spoke of her he grew quieter, and for a time lay apparently dozing, so that Owen persuaded his master to leave

him in charge and try himself to get a little much-needed slumber.

So the day passed, and at nightfall, without any return of consciousness, Giles Holdwich passed away from the earthly life which he had misused to that other life of which he had thought so little. It was necessary for the safety of the neighbourhood that he should be buried at once, so Dr. Lloyd sent his servant to borrow a spade from the nearest house, charging him on no account to touch any of the people, and to bring back if possible some lime with him as well. Owen was gone a long time, and when he came back he had a somewhat unsatisfactory tale to tell. "I be main sorry," he said, "that I went near that house. I knew not that it was the dwelling of that evil man John ap David; he would not listen to my request, but did drive me away with oaths and curses. I do fear he will set the Justices upon us." "Nay, Owen, fear him not," said Thomas Lloyd, "they will not trouble us, for they be too feared themselves of the plague. But thou didst find some that were more friendly, I see," and he pointed to the spade and bucket of lime which Owen carried. "Ay, yes, Thomas," said Owen, carefully using the Quaker method of speech, for Owen had laid aside all worldly compliments when he became a Friend, and now spoke to his master, respectfully it is true, but yet on the simple footing of one man with another. "Yes, Thomas, I found another house farther on where they were more courteous." Then, turn about, the master and man dug the grave and laid the poor fellow decently away. When

Owen took back the spade he was directed to establish a communication with the family, and to arrange for regular supplies of provisions, and especially of provender for the two horses, to be brought to a certain stone, where in their turn they would lay the money to pay for them. The usual precautions of placing the coins in vinegar were observed. So things went on for two days more. Nothing was heard from John ap David, and Thomas Lloyd thought no more about him.

Morgan was very ill, and he and Owen strove by every means in their power to lessen the severity of the attack. He was very ill, and Dr. Lloyd as he watched beside him wondered whether the time had come when he must send another message to Traeth. He had already sent word to Gilbert Jones by the Friend from Cloddiau Cochian that his only son was lying stricken with the fatal disease, but he had charged the messenger to explain that Morgan was delirious and that nothing was to be gained, but much harm might ensue from any of his family coming to him, and he had promised that should the disease take a turn for the worse he would, if possible, send them word of it. This message, delivered with as much tact as the good Friend could muster, had reached the family at Traeth the morning after their memorable journey to Shrewsbury, and had, of course, awakened their liveliest anxiety. They felt that Dr. Lloyd had done right in telling them, yet it was a hard case to know that their dear one was suffering, perhaps dying, so near them and yet that they, for the sake of others no less than themselves, could

do nothing to help him, and could only wait tremblingly for the worse news that might at any time come.

On the fourth day the dreadful plague spots showed themselves, and there were cries of pain mingled more than ever with the ravings of the fever. The most modern science assures us that no remedial measures have yet been found that will alleviate in the smallest degree the severity of the plague, yet it may have been at any rate some relief to Morgan that the rude shelter in which he was, was so open to the air, and that Dr. Lloyd had no means at his disposal for closing the openings. Otherwise he would have felt it incumbent on him to carry out the dreadful treatment then so much in vogue of excluding every breath of fresh air from the patient. As we have already said, he did apply all the remedies in his power, but now his attention was of necessity divided, for before Morgan's fever had at all subsided, old Owen was stricken, and Thomas Lloyd's hands became very full.

He had instantly made up his mind to send for no further assistance unless he himself should sicken, in which case he had arranged with the family that was supplying them with provisions to carry the news to his brother at Dolobran. John must find some means of coming to their relief, but in the meantime to bring in anyone else would only spread the infection. At last on the eighth night, after an unusually painful and violent day, Morgan sank into a troubled sleep, and as Owen was quiet too, Dr. Lloyd himself, having had no

sleep for three days and nights, could no longer resist the weight of slumber that oppressed him.

Two hours or more had passed thus when he was awakened by Owen's voice in a high pitched key, and starting up he saw that the old man had raised himself on his elbow and was pointing upward with his other hand. His eyes were shining and his face radiant, but he seemed quite unconscious of his earthly surroundings. He was repeating in an eager, strained voice words like these : " Oh, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly ! I see Him, and He is fairer than ten thousand, and altogether lovely. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly," he repeated once more, and then sank back, the light dying out from his face, and the death rattle beginning in his throat. " Owen, dear old friend, dost know me ? " said Thomas Lloyd, but there was no response. Owen Jenkins, a poor, unlearned serving man, had laid down his life for his friend.

At that moment Morgan Jones said in a clear, natural voice, " Where am I ? What is the matter ? " and the doctor turned from the dead to the living, who still needed his care He turned with no word or thought of chiding for the poor wretch, but with a heart full of human sympathy and Christian tenderness. The fever was broken and the wild delirium gone, but the plague swellings were still extremely painful, and Morgan was too weak almost to raise his hand to his lips. Little by little in the weary days of convalescence that followed Thomas Lloyd drew from him the miserable story of his London experiences. In his weakness and remorse it was such a comfort to be

met by this strong, loving friend, who seemed, in spite of all, still to have confidence in him, who did not palliate his sin, yet took it for granted that he was tired of it, as indeed he was, and that he would fain turn from it and seek for a better life.

Thomas Lloyd not only tended his friend's sick body, he poured out his own strong, pure spiritual energies for him, and before the necessary days of quarantine were over he had the joy of believing that Morgan was truly penitent and that he had found for himself the only source of cleansing and healing.

When Gilbert Jones received his son it was as one restored from the dead. Perhaps he never fully realized the peril that Morgan had been in, and how nearly he had made shipwreck both of soul and body. But Mary understood it more clearly, and her love for Tom grew and deepened as she recognized all that they owed to his courage and goodness.

CHAPTER XXII

THE WEDDING DAY, AND AFTER

THANKS to the precautions that Thomas Lloyd had taken, there had been no further spreading of the contagion, and so it was that upon the 23rd of September the time came when Thomas Lloyd and Mary Jones were to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

Their marriage was according to the simple customs of the nonconformists of the day, though Mary's parents felt it almost sacrilege that the ritual of the Church should be laid aside. No ring, for that was a survival of heathen superstitions, no priest to bless the union, for that was a wrong assumption of priestly powers, simply in the presence of witnesses they took each other for man and wife, promising by divine assistance to be faithful to one another till death should separate them.

It may be remembered, however, that in spite of their refusal to conform to the ordinary usage, the Friends insisted very strongly upon the sanctity of the marriage vow. They had most careful rules for inquiring beforehand as to the suitability of the proposed match, as to the clearness of the contracting parties from previous marriage engagements, and as to the consent of parents and guardians.

It was only when such inquiries had been satisfactorily answered and due notice had been given beforehand that the wedding could be proceeded with. A report embodying all the above facts and recording the manner of the solemnization of the marriage was also drawn up and publicly read as soon as the simple vows had been spoken, after which it was signed by the newly married couple and by their relatives and friends as witnesses.

It was very pleasant to Thomas and Mary that not only was their newly recovered brother, Morgan, at their wedding, but that John Lloyd and his wife could also be there. Elizabeth Lloyd, too, came with both her children, Charles now a beautiful boy of three, and little Sampson, a babe of five months old. Charles Lloyd could only send loving messages from his cell, but though we do not know whether Richard Davies preached or Thomas Moor or John ap John, we are sure that He who changed the water into wine at the marriage of Cana was there to bless the union of his children. The wedding had taken place at Cloddiau Cocchian, and the company adjourned to Traeth afterwards and partook of a meal together. It was then that John Lloyd handed a package to Morgan Jones, saying, "This was left for you at our house this morning." The letter was inscribed, "These for Morgan Jones, in the care of John Lloyd at Dolobran near Poole, Montgomeryshire." Wonderingly Morgan opened and read :

Dear Friend,

It is in my heart to write thee somewhat of the concern that hath been much with me of late for thy best welfare. I trust

the journey to Wales was safely accomplished, and that thou art now at home in thy father's house, but it is laid upon me to write thee to be ware of giving way to the temptation of the evil one who ever seeketh to destroy. He hath many lures that do easily entrap the unwary, and methinketh thou hast known somewhat of a giving way to them in the past. I do earnestly beseech thee to turn to the true lover of thy soul and to follow Him in the way of peace and righteousness. Oh, listen to His pleadings now whilst health and strength are given. 'Tis a solemn thing to see the hand of death so busy as it hath been and still is here in London. Many of those tender lambs that we did accompany to the ship, six weeks gone, be dead. The ship is still in the river, and the plague hath broke out among them where they are crowded down between decks without air or light. I did visit them once and again saw how they lay, and praised God in their sufferings. But more than the half are dead. The young man Gerrard is dead, and his father that went with us in the boat is dead also. Mayhap thou mindest that he was blind, and for him we can but rejoice, yet I am troubled for his daughter, but she is with some of our people and will earn her living by serving for them in their shop. This letter is to be fumigated with all care, and I have writ it in a clean place. I had waited longer but I feared to delay for the message pressed upon me. These with my tender love and a prayer that the Lord may incline thy heart to seek His ways. Give greeting also from me to John Lloyd.

Thy faithful friend,

GEORGE WHITEHEAD.

Written in London, the 12th of the 7th mo., 1665.

There was that in the letter that stirred Morgan Jones to the heart. It was not only the care for his welfare on the part of a comparative stranger and the faithful words of warning. These moved him, indeed, far more now than they would have done six weeks back, but it was the fate of young Gerrard, and above all the thought of his sister—deprived of both father and brother—left lonely in a rough world. Morgan longed to go to her at once and take possession of her for his own. He

was so absorbed in his letter that he could scarcely turn his attention to the meal that was now served. When that was ended, the time soon came for the company to disperse.

Mistress Lloyd and her children were to return to Welshpool, whilst John Lloyd and his wife were to go home with Thomas and Mary to Dolobran. Morgan Jones signified his intention of bearing them company for a part at least of the homeward ride, so it was quite a cavalcade that set forth from Traeth. Mary was riding with her husband, whilst her brother was a little in advance with Elizabeth Lloyd. She had her babe in her arms, and a serving-man carried little Charles on another horse at her side.

[1] Suddenly from a side road which they had to pass two constables armed with pistols rode up to Thomas Lloyd and seized his horse by the bridle. John Lloyd, who was in front with his wife and servant, hearing the noise, turned, and taking in at a glance what was happening cocked his pistols also and rode back to the rescue.

"Nay, brother," cried Thomas, "prithee do not shoot. We may not meet violence with violence. Let us see by what authority these are come. Where is your warrant?" he went on, addressing the constables with a quiet dignity that almost abashed them. The informer, John ap David, who had been sneaking behind them, here stepped forward, and said in a tone of bravado, "The warrant's all right this time, my fine gentleman. Here it be in proper form from Justice Pryce to seize and

[1] See *The Lloyds of Dolobran*, p. 16.

take the person of Thomas Lloyd of Dolobran and commit the same to Welshpool Gaol on the charge of attending an unlawful conventicle at Cloddiau Cocchian. Do your duty, constables."

Mary had turned quite white as the informer spoke. Her husband put his arm around her, and bending his head kissed her tenderly on the lips. "Trust in the Lord, sweetheart," he said. "He will not forsake us. Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not also receive evil? Though He slay us, yet we will trust in Him."

"I will go with thee to the prison, Thomas," she said; "they cannot separate us."

"Yes, that we can, by your leave, Mistress," broke in the informer. "I have no warrant against you, see you, and we must not make a mistake." And he stepped forward and would have laid his hands upon her, but Morgan interposed. "Nay, thou must come home with me, Molly; now be a good maid and don't make a coil."

"Yes, dear heart, go with thy brother," said her husband. "Mayhap thou canst come to me later on." Again he kissed her with a long, lingering kiss, and saying, "God keep thee, my dearest," turned with a smile to the constables, "I am ready now, friends. Nay, ye need not bind me; I will go with you willingly."

They suffered him to say a few words to Morgan, who was chafing hotly over his helplessness. The constables, in fact, were ashamed of their job, for nearly everyone in Welshpool knew and respected Dr. Lloyd. The prisoner was far more at his ease

than were his captors. He begged them to ride slowly, so that his sister-in-law and her servant might still have the protection of their presence, for he pleasantly told her he was only carrying out his first intention in accompanying her as far as the Gaol.

In the meantime John Lloyd and his wife were left behind on the high road with Morgan and the poor young bride thus suddenly torn from the arms of her husband.

Mistress Jane Lloyd was loud in her indignation. These Quaker doings were so new to her. She had kept silent all day, though many things seemed most strange and incomprehensible, but now she broke out in words of harsh criticism on the fools who would be better than their neighbours, etc. Morgan would gladly have joined her and relieved his own feelings in the same way, but out of pity for his sister he restrained himself, and bidding a courteous adieu to John Lloyd and his wife, he took the bridle of Mary's horse and turned it towards Traeth.

It was a sad home-coming for her, poor child, yet she kept a bright face, even under the lamentations of her father and mother, and their still more trying sympathy, which took the form of calling upon her to bear witness that they had always foretold some such catastrophe from her marriage with a Quaker. I know not which one of the newly wedded lovers had the harder lot that night, for each had not only the disappointment of the cup of joy just held to their lips and then dashed away, but each had also the anxiety for the other's safety,

which is harder to bear than one's own sorrow. Still they also both had the presence of the tender, sympathizing Saviour and the blessed sense that it was for His sake that they were called on to bear this trouble.

At Dolobran Hall there was sorrow and confusion. The arrest of their young master was cause of personal grief to his servants, to whom his thoughtful kindness had much endeared him. John Lloyd was also greatly troubled. It was one thing when he was far away in London, engrossed with his own work, to hear of Charles being in prison and of Thomas becoming a Quaker, and quite another thing to be on the spot and an actual eye witness of the arrest. Then his wife's excitement was so great and her horror of Quakerism seemed so increased that he had much ado to calm her.

There was no sleep for either of them that night. She was for leaving Wales immediately and taking refuge with her own kindred in Essex until the plague should subside. To this John Lloyd objected. "Bethink thee, sweetheart," he pleaded, "another long journey for little Jack. We be safe here from the plague at all rates, but if we travel we know not what risks we run. I tell thee I cannot go till I have looked into things here, and found out who is at the bottom of this last roguery. Never think 'tis the King's doing, or that Thomas hath offended in particular. Doubtless they have the law on their side, but 'tis personal spite that does it."

"And was it for the meeting we were at this morning that they took him?" she went on, "the

meeting where they were married? Then are we in the same peril also, for I have heard that all who do attend may be summoned. Indeed, Mr. Lloyd, you do provoke me with your coolness, for meseemeth you care more for these precious brothers of yours than for your wife or for your own skin either."

"Nay, Jane, I tell thee 'tis not for the meeting, that is but the excuse. Tom hath been attending meetings these two years, ay, and holding them too, I warrant. 'Tis that he hath some way angered the Parson, or it may be only that sneaking wretch that did inform against him. Thou and I are in no danger. The only peril would be," he added, smiling, "that the sight of their sufferings should move our hearts to embrace the like heresies, but I think not there is any danger of that, for thee at least."

"But, John, they will count us in with the rest, for here we are staying at the house with all these Quaker serving-maids and men. Why, thou knowest they do even hold a conventicle in the kitchen here when thy brother is away, and though I have told them many times to go to church they mind me not. There was none there last Sabbath from Dolobran save our own man and my maid."

"Well, dearest, at least we have done our best to show civility to the Parson. I did specially praise his last discourse, and thou hast duly waited upon his wife, which is more," he added, "than we would have thought of doing under other circumstances."

"Yes, but, John, we must do more now. I have

it," she went on eagerly, "thou shalt give him a present, not to Mr. Davies himself, but for the church. 'Twill tickle him mightily; thou shalt give him a communion service, silver gilt and embellished with a Latin inscription, *ex-dono Johanni Lloyd.*[1] Tell him 'tis a thankoffering for our escape from the plague. He will see that we, at least, are no Quakers. Say thou wilt do it, John, and I will stay, but if not I'll go."

But Thomas Lloyd had not laid his head upon his prison pillow without a gleam of hope even from an earthly standpoint. The gaoler, who had at first been so cruel to Friends, had received his new prisoner with a blank countenance. "Nay, this be no joke," he had said privately to Thomas, "they do ask too much of a man. I reckon I be a bad 'un, but I beant so bad as that. I can't shut you up with that crowd after all you have done for my wife and family and for the town of Poole. It be a downright shame for to arrest a man like you that is so necessary for the poor, and all on the word of a sneak like yon fellow. The gaol is full, and to-night you must lie on the floor with the rest, but to-morrow I'll settle it different for you, and for Mr. Lloyd and his family, too."

The morrow came and all Tom's friends were stirring themselves in his behalf. John Lloyd, though he accepted his wife's counsel and hastened to make his own peace with the Vicar, did not fail to do what he could for his brother also. As a London barrister and a friend of the well-disposed

[1] The cup and plate thus marked may still be seen at Meifod Church.

Councillor Corbet, he had considerable influence. Gilbert Jones also did what he could, and Tom's own well-known character and services stood him in good stead. Having granted the warrant for his arrest, the Justices were bound to commit him, for he pleaded guilty to the offence with which he was charged, but when the gaoler came forward with his proposition they all hailed it with satisfaction.

"A fair house, sayest thou?" said kind-hearted Justice Corbett, "and where they too may live with their families? Yea, truly will we consent to it," and he turned inquiringly to his brother Justices, who also signified their approval. But here the prisoner himself interposed. Could he and Charles accept the welcome relief whilst other Friends were left to suffer? The Justices were in a lenient mood this morning. With a sudden flash of inspiration he saw what to do.

"I do thank you heartily for this kindness," he said to the friendly Justices, and including the gaoler also in his smile, "I do thank you heartily, friends, yet meseemeth we could not accept of this relief whilst our brethren lie still in the gaol. But if it please you to give permission for the rest of Friends to dwell in the gaoler's house, my brother and I will, with your consent, hire a house in Poole where we and our families may abide."

This may seem to us to-day a singular method of imprisonment, but it was not uncommon in the experience of the first Quakers. The Justices gave consent, greatly relived no doubt that the problem of an overcrowded gaol and the sufferings of worthy fellow townsmen could be thus relieved.

As soon as the details could be arranged, Charles Lloyd, with his wife and children, left their gloomy cell and settled themselves in the house which Thomas had procured and where Mary's skilful fingers had already brought about some resemblance to a home. This curious *dénouement* was fairly typical of the sort of victory won by the policy of active "passive resistance" so successfully carried out by the first Quakers. Here were brutal laws designed to suppress all sects and practically subversive of all true freedom of conscience.

The Quakers used no carnal weapons, they stirred up no discontent or rebellion against the "powers that were," but they quite simply and in a pleasant spirit went on their way, breaking the laws and accepting the consequences of so doing, whenever the human law came in the way of obedience to the higher law of God. Thus it proved impossible to enforce the rigour of the law against a man like Thomas Lloyd, a worthy, honest citizen, beloved by all, whose life was a succession of loving, helpful deeds. Even the erstwhile "cruel gaoler" refused to be a party to it and some compromise had to be effected.

The compromise in this case was the little hired house, in which the two Lloyd brothers with their rapidly increasing families spent the eight succeeding years during which their imprisonment lasted.

They were never permitted to visit Dolobran, and the *premunire* was still enforced upon Charles Lloyd's property, but Thomas Lloyd seems to have been allowed to visit his patients in Poole, and even

on one occasion to make a religious visit to Friends in another town.

At length in 1672 the longed-for pardon came. It was procured from Charles the Second by the untiring efforts of George Whitehead, who felt it laid upon him by the Lord to labour for the relief of the more than four hundred Friends who were then under sentence for various offences, especially for meeting to worship in a manner contrary to the usages of the Established Church.

The story of how the thought of asking the King to release at once all Friends who still remained in prison was first suggested to George Whitehead's mind, of how he and two other Friends made their plea before the King sitting in council in Westminster Hall; how Charles answered briefly to their somewhat copious statements, "I'll pardon them;" of how the Friends at first took exception to "a pardon" where there had been no real offence, and how "Duke Lauderdale" explained that a release by the King would in no wise safeguard the prisoners from being again immediately arrested and clapped into prison, whereupon George wisely returned this answer, viz.: "It is not for us to prescribe or dictate to the King and his Council, what methods to take for our Friends' discharge; they know best their own methods in point of law; we seek the end thereof, namely, the effectual discharge of our suffering Friends out of prison, that they may live peaceably and quietly enjoy their own." Whereupon they all appeared satisfied, and the King said, "Well, I'll pardon them." How the pardon thus obtained and duly passed under

the great seal, was carried on horseback, not without difficulty, inasmuch as when fully drawn out and engrossed in Chancery hand it filled eleven skins of vellum, "being swelled to that bigness by reason the names of above four hundred were repeated eleven times in it"—the story, I say of all this, and how the Friends themselves carried the pardon into divers parts of England, and of their consultings as to how the prisoners in the more remote places could be reached and liberated before the coming of winter, and of the plan adopted for this purpose and the final release and enlargement of all the sufferers—is it not written in the Journal of George Whitehead? Those who are interested may consult also the original pardon which is to be seen to-day, with part of the great wax seal still attached, in the archives of the Society at Devonshire House. The names of the two Lloyd brothers were included in this historic document, and thus their long trial came to an end. Charles returned to Dolobran, and Thomas established himself at Maes Mawr (the great black house), about two miles from Welshpool. The ten years that followed must have been amongst the happiest of his busy life. They are beautifully summed up in the "Testimony" to his memory, issued some years after his death by the "Quarterly Meeting" at Dolobran, 11th month, 1711:

Our dear Friend, Thomas Lloyd, was convinced of the Truth about the year 1663, and he gave up all in faithfulness thereunto, and after some time he had a gift in the ministry committed unto him, and he was very serviceable unto Truth and Friends in many places. He practised Physic, and had great knowledge and experience therein, having generall good success, and he was conscientiously careful over his patients, whether rich or poor. He had a great

practice, whereby it was often his lot to be amongst many of account in the world, and he was much loved by them ; yet being a man of a tender spirit their company became bitterness to his soul, and he went many days mourning on his way because their life was on that which crucified the Just. He was very charitable to the poor and compassionate to such as were in affliction and distress, doing good freely unto all, and he had a notable way of softening harsh spirits, and begetting mildness in them towards Friends and their sufferings. He was a man of extraordinary temper, very obliging, humble and courteous in his behaviour and deportment.

He had a good utterance, and could express himself eloquently, and was very instructive in his discourse and pleasant and cheerful in his conversation, so that his company was very desirable, being a man of good and savoury life.

Thomas Lloyd was thirty-two years old when the pardon came, his wife was twenty-six, and four of their ten children had already been born, but even then they had by no means reached a place of settled and secure happiness.

The Quaker faith in God as the source and fountain of life and in Christ as the living, ever present leader of the people, carries with it the implication that the Christian life is to be throughout a great adventure of faith. In their case this was even more than usually true, for the England of the Stuarts was a hard place for honest, faithful Christian living. No one could tell what a day would bring forth of trial or persecution. But it was also a time for making great experiments with the spiritual weapons of faith and love ; and in the distance, hidden as yet from the vision of Thomas and Mary Lloyd, one such adventure loomed.

The sober words of the Monthly Meeting Testimony give no such suggestion, but through

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the closing lines of this part of my story I seem to hear the echo of an exile's farewell to his home and the dashing of Atlantic waves. I catch sight of the stately figure of William Penn, and hear the sound of hammer and saw as the city of Brotherly Love rises on the shores of the Delaware.

Some day perhaps I may resume the broken thread and follow Thomas and Mary Lloyd to that new home. At present I must bid them farewell, knowing that whatever the future may hold in store for them of joy or sorrow, they are secure in the presence of the Lord and in each other's love.

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